THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 30. J. J. BURKE. EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Mar. 26, 1891. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE.
TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5,07 P. M.	* No.2 5,05 A. M.
No. 7, 10,19 A. M.	No.6, 11,55 A. M.
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 8, 8,47 P. M
* No. 1, 12.39 A. M.	No. 10, 7,35 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily betwee Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt

Antioch Home News.

Next Sunday will be Egg-ster Sunday.

Mr. A. Lampe, of Wilmot, has commenced giving music lessons here.

The Thayer Refrigerator Co. will erect a new creamery at Brighton this spring.

Friday April 10, has been designated by Governor Fifer as Arbor Day for Illinois.

There will be a dance at Battershalls hall, Grays Lake, Friday evening, March 27th.

Mrs. Geo. Grice has been quite sick for some time past but is now considerable better.

The legand "rooms to rent" is not so much of a "chestnut" in Waukegan now as it used to be.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

Mr. J. L. Harden received a car load of lambs from Chicago recently which he intends to fatten for the markets.

H. J. Davis of Delivan, Wis. was home on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Davis, the latter part of the past week.

The interior of the new store has assumed a very artistic appearance. Burnett and Huber are the artists that had charge of the work.

Chamber suits, $13.50; chairs, $2.75 per set; parlor suits, $20.40; woven wire springs, $1.75; bedroom bureaus, $3.75, at J. C. James & Son.

DIED—Farnsworth March 19th. Jarnis D. Farnsworth aged 60 years. One of the old settlers of Lake Co. and for a long time a resident of Antioch.

Saturday last was a very disagreeable day, but the wind was in the right direction to give us good weather, for some few months to come—if the signs don't fail.

If you would have every man on your ticket elected, get your election tickets printed at this office in legal form and on an hours notice if need be. Prices reasonable and work first class.

A few of our citizens have indulged in a duck-hunt already this spring but no very good luck has crowned their efforts, as they find it a difficult matter to get within hailing distance of a duck.

The Antioch Amateur Band will give a Masquerade Ball at Rogers' hall in this village on Friday evening, March 27th, 1891. Good music will be furnished and all are cordially invited. Tickets 50 cents. Nobody permitted to dance without a mask until after 12 o'clock.

Commander-in-Chief Veazy, of the G. A. R., announces by a general order that the 6th day of April will be observed by all posts as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the order. Public meetings must be held on that day, to which special invitations are to be sent to the Woman's Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans, the clergy, press and school children. In the same order is a copy of a letter written by Thomas E. Sherman, thanking all Grand Army posts for their loving tributes to Gen. Sherman.—*Standard Democrat.*

Read the auction sale notice of James Welsh, found in another column.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Karr rejoice in the advent of a boy baby, born Saturday March 21st.

Miss Lelia Williams returned home Tuesday, after a pleasant weeks visit with friends in Chicago.

C. B. Harrison and Son are prepared to grind feed on Thursday of each week in a first class manner and at reasonable rates.

Last Saturday was teachers meeting day in this village, but the inclement state of the weather prevented many from attending.

On Wednesday forenoon Master Willie Kines, son of Mrs. F. E. Kines was badly bitten by a dog. With other children he was playing at the Central school house, and a large dog was there. In some way the dog took a notion to attack the lad and did so, biting him severely. The dog was driven off and secured and killed. The lad is being treated and is doing well.—*Gazette.*

According to the Chicago Journal a movement is being made to include the site selected by the Washburn-Moen wire company at Waukegan within the precincts of Lake Bluff. The reason for this is that Lake Bluff is in a prohibition district and as the company is opposed to being too near the saloons the change would be quite desirable to them. The saloons are oft times fatal to the best interests of a city, but still they flourish and increase day by day.

From present indications we are led to beleive that the South side of town will boom in the building line this summer; in addition to the tract of land that Chinn & Burke propose to sub-divide, Messrs Harden & Warner will open a fine subdivision and place lots upon the market. There is no reason why purchasers should not find desirable lots for sale in any of the various additions to the village and at prices to suit, as there are plenty of choice locations now open to purchasers. Don't fail to visit the new subdivisions of Antioch before deciding to locate in some other town.

We have just received a copy of "The Air Ship Waltz," by Isaac Doles, Indianapolis, Ind., author of the famous quartette arrangement of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," price 10 cents; "Knights of Pythias March," 35 cents; "Oklahama Waltz," 50 cents; "Odd Fellows' Grand March," 40 cents, etc. The Air Ship Waltz" is a beautiful composition and promises to create more interest than the air ship itself. The price of it is 40 cents, and it should be on the piano in every home where music holds a place. Any of the above compositions will be sent on receipt of price. Address Isaac Doles, 234 West Michigan street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Henry Rector returned home last Friday after a pleasant four weeks visit with a son and daughter in "Sunny Kansas." He reports that he found the folks well and doing well, and is quite favorably impressed with Kansas especially in the winter season, but thinks the hot, dry winds of summer would not be so pleasant. He says the coldest weather they have had there this winter was 8 degrees below zero, and that there has been but little snow there. At the present time the roads there are dry and dusty as they are here in summer. He also says that considerable seeding has already been done. He brought home a number of curiosities from Kansas and kindly remembered the NEWS office by presenting us with a pair of Jack Rabbits ears, which are quite a curiosity in this section.

M. H. Cribb of Lake Villa, has been quite ill for the past few days.

Edwin Richards and family have moved into their building on the Kilmer addition.

C. E. Harvey and Fred Olson of Chicago were out at Beach Grove Cottage grounds this week.

J. C. James Jr. and wife have been on the sick list for the past few days with the "grip."

Sheriff Conrad, of Waukegan was in our village Tuesday summoning a special jury to appear at the Court House March 31st on some railway condemnation suits.

Lyman Paddock is getting ready to accommodate a still greater number of boarders than heretofore, by building an extensive addition to his hotel at Lake Maria.

Jeweler Lewis and C. O. Foltz were out at Grass Lake Monday and Tuesday trying to get within hailing distance of ducks. We have not seen the returns but presume most of the ducks out there are able to answer to the role call.

I. F. Kiser, representing the Inter-State Loan and Investment Co. of Chicago, has been in our village for the past few days, endeavoring to organize a local board of the association. We are not sufficiently posted on the subject to urge the matter along, but from what we have been enabled to learn of the organization we commend the idea, believing it to be beneficial to any growing town and a safe investment for capitalists.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. K. Jewett arrived from an extended Southern trip Saturday evening. Certain peculiar symptoms awakened suspicions which were confirmed along about 8 o'clock when a host of their friends thronged in and reminded them that the particular date was the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. One of the cheeriest social times on record followed, and it is hard to tell which enjoyed it most, the worthy couple or their guests. There were some gifts appropriate and elegant, and naturally unlimited congratulations and good wishes. About seventy guests were present. *Sparta Herald.*

A fair sized audience attended the open session of the Good Templar lodge Tuesday evening and were entertained by a very good program consisting of vocal and instrumental music and extempore remarks by Rev. Thos. Holloman and J. J. Burke. The Good Templars are doing a noble work in this and all other communities where organizations are effected and should be fostered and encouraged by everyone who has at heart the wellfare of our own and our neighbors boys. We cordially invite the public to attend the next open session of our lodge, April 7th, and learn more of the workings of our noble order, founded for the moral and social elevation of mankind.

Geo. H. Kennedy, Supervisor of this town was in our village Tuesday, and made the NEWS office a short call. We understand that Mr. Kennedy's numerous friends in this township will make an effort to re-elect him this spring to the position he has so ably filled during the past year. It appears to the NEWS that mere local issues should be set aside when important matters to the tax payers are at stake, and in our opinion the people of Antioch cannot afford to dispense with the service of a man who has had practical experience, and who is eminently qualified for the position, in favor of any one untried and therefore uncertain of being as advantageous to the tax payers, whose interests should be first considered, before that of any individual who doubtless has some selfish motive to advance.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.
Trains arriv at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2* 4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†6:50 P. M.	No. 4.... †8:03 a. m.
No. 5.... 5:14 P. M.	No. 6....*11:53 a. m.
No. 7.... 10:25 a. m.	No. 8 6:36 P. M.
No. 9.... 7:50 P. M.	No. 10 7:26 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

K. K. Cass has rented his farm for the coming year.

Geo. H. Booth is feeding a fine lot of sheep for Chicago market.

S. A. Didama has put in a week with La Grippe, and dont like it.

Mrs. W. F. Hall has been under the doctor's care for a few days.

Mrs. D. C. Stewart had a slight touch of La Grippe or a bad cold but is now better.

There is quite a goodly number on the sick list in the vicinity of Trevor, none considered dangerous.

The democrats of Salem will hold their caucus at the hall of the M. W. A. at Trevor, the first Saturday in April at 2 P. M.

N. Crowley does not seem to gain very fast; he is still confined to the house but hopes to get out again after spring opens and the ground settles.

Topsy Stewart came home Saturday night to spend the sabbath with her parents. She has a very pleasant location on Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Uncle David McGuire, one of the oldest settlers of town came up from Camp Lake to Trevor last Thursday. He is quite hale and hearty for a man of his age.

The Sun must have had a hard old time crossing the line this year if it had as muddy a time as the people of this mundane sphere has had for the past two weeks in getting around and we are in hopes the roads will be no worse than they have been.

SALEM, WIS.

The Van'Wie sale was a success.

Mr. Ben Johnson is visiting with relatives in our village.

M. Loescher has in a new line of goods. Give him a call.

Mr. Barhyte has moved his meat market from our highway.

A large number of persons took in the teachers examination at Salem last Friday and Saturday.

Harvey Smith wants to hire a man with a family. Good wages will be paid to the right party.

Mr. Jos. Dalton returned from the east end of the county where he has taught a very successful term of school.

Mr. Soloman Blanden is prepared to saw and split wood for any one at low rates. Soloman can't be beaten with a saw.

School in Dist. No. 5 opened Monday. Mr. L. Burch gave good satisfaction last term so the authorities have engaged him again.

Mr. Chas. Kerwin has engaged the school in the Smith Dist. Charles is a smart boy and no doubt but he will make a very successful teacher.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. M. J. Fenkell, who has been dangerously sick is slowly recovering.

Miss Ida M. Fenkell, who has been sick for several days is convalescent.

C. F. Heydecker of Wadsworth was in town Wednesday.

J. Pillifant has refused $600 per acre for his 36 acre tract on the west side.

Mrs. A. R. Cheever died at her home in this city last Tuesday, at the age of 72 years.

The Starch works will soon begin work with 100 hands. The number will soon be increased.

Mrs. Kate Cary Fuller died in Chicago last Monday. She was formerly a resident of this place.

We expect to have a new Opera House on one of the lots recently purchased by Dr. V. C. Price.

Mr. A. Emery died at his home on West St. Friday, after a short illness, at an advanced age.

Mrs. J. A. Avery of Cincinnatti called on Mrs. and Miss Fenkell and other friends in this city last week.

A farm four miles north of this city has been purchased by Chicago real estate dealers at $150 per acre.

A large new boiler and engine has been put into the Maynard brick yard. A large business will be done there this season.

Accommodations cannot be found for workmen, hence they will erect rough buildings for occupancy near the Washburn-Moen works.

Track laying has been commenced on Union St. and Union Alley and it will soon extend to the Washburn-Moen grounds.

Mrs. J. P. Porter died in Denver, Col. last Tuesday. Mrs. Porter was the eldest daughter of J. P. Nichols of this city and had many friends here.

About one hundred men from the Washburn-Moen Co. have arrived in town and have commenced work on the grounds of the Washburn-Moen site.

The Dusenbury property on Genesee street, purchased six weeks ago by Brown & Moulton for $3000 has been transferred to H. J. Slyfield for $5,250.

The friends of F. M. Porter will be glad to know that his application for a pension under the disability act has been allowed. It will be $12 per month.

The trial of the case of Stafford against Tombaugh consumed two days of court last week.

The verdict was for the plaintiff and damages for $50 were given.

Williams Bros. New Store.

A MAMMOTH EMPORIUM OF TRADE.

Antioch Can Now Lay Claim to Having The Largest and Best arranged Retail Store in Lake, McHenry, Kenosha or Racine Co.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE STRUCTURE.

Messrs: Williams Bros. of this village, have cause to feel justly proud of their new and elegant store, now completed and open to the public, and in looking back over 20 years of active, tireless industry in which their motto has ever been, prompt and reliable service and courteous attention to all, the NEWS but voices the universal sentiment of our people in saying, well done good and faithful servants of an exacting public, you merit the success that has so richly crowned your efforts, and, in the years to come may your usefulness increase and the burden of care rest lightly upon you.

The structure is 50 feet wide by 100 feet deep and from foundation to cornice front elevation is 47 feet high and is 40 feet above the graded level in which are located the basement 7 feet in the clear, the main store or first floor 14 feet in the clear and the second story which is 13½ feet in the clear at front, sloping to accommodate the roof to 9 feet in the clear at the rear. The stone foundation walls are 30 inches thick at base narrowing to 18 inches, upon which rest the solid brick walls 12 inches thick up to top of roof joice, the fire walls above the roof being 8 inches thick.

The entire basement floor is graded and paved with Portland cement, requiring 50 barrels. The basement is lighted by 10 windows. The main floor has an entire plate glass front, which throws a flood of light throughout the entire room, while three large windows on each side and end, above the shelving fill the room with the resplendent light of day. The interior of the store is handsomely finished laregly of hard wood, the twelve large columns having a marble finish. The deep shelving and broad counters are finished in cherry, walnut and light oak. Nearly 300 drawers are required as recepticles for the various classes of merchandise.

This mammoth room, covering the entire space of the building, 50 x 100 feet, is conveniently arranged for the accommodation of their hardware stock on the north, the center space being fitted for crockery, glassware and groceries, with dry goods, notions and clothing on the south side and boots and shoes across the west end, where are also located the elevator, wash and toilet rooms &c., while a broad and easy flight of stairs with elegant posts and railings afford ascent to the room above. The second floor forming their storage room is lighted by 5 large windows in front and 3 on each side and end. All the side and rear openings are protected by shutters sheathed with iron, making them proof against any fire from the outside, so the insurance men say and they act as they talk by making a rate of 1 per cent on the building and 90 cents on the stock while the rate on frame buildings adjoining is 4 per cent. On this floor is located their tin shop, larger than most country stores. The roof is of tin, requiring nearly 30 boxes or 3,000 sheets, which are secured to the roof by nearly 15000 clents, above which rise 8 chimneys which are carried from the foundation up.

The amount of material can be roughly stated as follows: 13 car loads of stone, 170 thousands of brick, masons count, 175 loads of sand and gravel, 300 barrels lime, 50 barrels cement and over 100 thousand feet of lumber, 3000 sheets tin, 300 lb. solder.

The work was commenced by excavating, July 21, and in its various stages was pushed rapidly forward until March 24, when the painter walked out of the front door and said all is well, it is finished.

The plans were drawn by Louis Martens, architect, of Chicago; the stone was furnished by the Hadfield Co. of Waukesha, Wis.; the brick was made and burned for them by Geo. Cashmore of this place; the lumber was furnished by the Wilbur Lumber Co., Antioch, Ills.; the plate glass by Sprague & Smith Co., Chicago; the cornice work by G. M. Gross of Chicago; the elevator by Kimball Bros., Annamosa, Iowa. The entire building is lighted by 80 jets of gas furnished by a machine put in by the Globe Light and Heat Co. of Chicago Ills.

While compelled to get material abroad, every effort has been made to foster home industries and entirely local artizans have been employed in its construction, nearly $3,000 having been paid out for labor alone, while the entire cost of the building will reach $7,000 to $8,000. Much credit is due to James Kaye who had charge of the masonry work, Joseph Kelly of the carpenter work and store finishing and Huber Bros. of Lake Villa the painters, who each with their various assistants have so faithfully labored patiently until its final completion.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Lieut. Hampton M. Roach of the First infantry will be court-martialed for duplicating his pay rolls.

One of the jurors engaged in trying Calvin Brown for murder at Birmingham Ala., became insane as the case was about completed and another trial will be necessary.

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, is dead. The demise was due to heart failure. The actor was unconscious but a short time before he died.

The Territorial encampment of New Mexico, Grand Army of the Republic, meets at Deming and will be in session about three days.

A man giving his name as C. L. Blazer was arrested at Salt Lake City for attempting to conduct extensive swindling operations.

The noted divorce case of Laura R. Green against Douglas Green was begun in New York.

The grip was reported epidemic in Pittsburg, 4,000 persons being sick with the disease.

Michael Davitt declares that Mr. Parnell had no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament. He adds that if Parnell did resign and offer himself as a candidate for re-election he would be defeated.

L. T. Morris recovered $1,000 for false arrest by a Chicago detective agency.

Great preparations are being made at Grasse for Queen Victoria's annual visit thither.

Detective D. C. O'Malley, who is charged with having bribed the Hennessy jury, is in Memphis.

Bishop Leonard of Cleveland says the Rev. Howard MacQueary will not be permitted to resign—that he must retract or be dismissed.

Robert L. Skillman, the Louisville (Ky.) salesman shot by Lambert Goldsmith of the same city one week ago is dead.

The new dog law passed by the Indiana Legislature is causing considerable trouble. Attorney-General Smith states that assessors must be controlled by section 1 of the act of March 7, 1885.

Ike Allen cut John Weatherford's throat at a dance at Mosquito, Texas, and Weatherford's brother Bud shot and killed Allen. The participants in this little social event were all young farmers.

Details of a sensational episode at the Chicago Auditorium have just become public. A wealthy New Yorker, incited by jealousy and rage, attempted to murder his wife, but was prevented. He then took revenge by abducting their only child.

A two-ounce glove contest near Harrisburg, Pa., Jim Daly stood up before Joe McAuliffe the required six rounds for a purse of $1,000.

The failure of the Kansas Legislature to appropriate money for a State exhibit at the world's fair has led to a movement to raise by private subscribtion the funds requisite to give that State a creditable representation.

Pearl Starr, daughter of the notorious Belle Starr and reputed daughter of the equally notorious Cole Younger, in connection with a young man stole two fine horses from a farmer near St. Joe, twenty miles west of Gainesville, Texas. Officers are in pursuit.

The Canadian Pacific company's iron steamer Batavia is aground in the Columbia river, near Tongue Point.

The Olympic club of New Orleans has offered a purse of $5,000 to McAuliffe and Slyer for a glove contest to take place in about six weeks, McAuliffe to answer within four days.

The Union Pacific road has granted concessions to its dissatisfied employes which will insure their receiving better pay.

Ex-Senator Ingalls' interviews in the East regarding the Farmers' alliance are embarrassing Kansas Republicans, and they are gnashing their teeth at their former leader.

The Oxford boat crew was the favorite 11 to 4 in its coming race with the Cambridge's eight.

Michael Davitt declared that Mr. Parnell had no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament. He added that if Parnell did resign and offer himself as a candidate for re-election he would be defeated.

A bannana train on the Illinois Central was wrecked near Kankakee, Ill., and thirteen cars of fruit were derailed. The loss is about $10,000.

The Modock Democratice Tariff-Reform Club of Keokuk, Iowa, sent silver medals to Dr. Moore and Mr. Cockrell, the two Independent members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for Senator Palmer for United States Senator.

The will of Baroness Fahnenberg, making provision for a charitable institution at Lexington, Ky., has been upheld by the Kentucky courts, after many years of litigation on the part of the Baroness' relatives.

Al Johnson of baseball fame is again up in arms against the league, claiming its officers have acted in bad faith toward him.

Pittsburg has 1,000 cases of grip Street-car companies and large offices affected.

By the will of the late Senator Hearst his wife gets all his property.

Lambert N. Goldsmith has been held in $1,000 bonds at Columbus, Ind., for assault with intent to kill upon Robert Skillman, whose condition is critical.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, now 83 years old, is suffering from a serious attack of heart disease from which his permanent recovery is not probable.

A jubilee is in progress at Brown's Valley, Minn., over the opening of the Wahpeton and Sisserton reservations, which include 5,000 quarter-sections of land.

Near Georgetown Col., a party of sixteen young people were hurled down a mountain side by an unmanageable team and fifteen were injured, some, it is believed, fatally.

The Rev. Howard Macqueary, of Canton, Ohio, convicted of heresy by an Episcopal court, has received calls from the church of the Messiah (Unitarian) at Chicago and from many other prominent churches. He declines to make a retraction.

The Elizabethport, (N. J.) steam cordage works were destroyed by fire. The loss is $750,000. A vast quantity of binding twine was destroyed.

Mary E. Dewey, alias Charles Dewey of Goshen, Ind., has applied for a pension. The grounds of her claim are that she served through the war in the Twenty-sixth Ohio Volunteers and that while in the service she received a gunshot wound in her left leg which has left her disabled.

Great excitement prevails on the stock board at San Francisco and some shares have made heavy advances on report of the development of new ore.

The United States minister to Germany, Mr. Phelps, has induced the German government to remove the embargo on American cattle, and they are now allowed to land at Hamburg. It is probable that hogs will also be admitted.

Vernet Jordan, accused of stealing cattle, was arrested in Aspen and returned to Alamosa, Colo. He went to his home and, eluding the officers for a moment, went into his barn and hanged himself.

In a wreck near Greencastle, Mo., Mrs. Sarah C. Campbell was killed outright, the conductor was fatally and eleven others were seriously injured.

Acting Secretary Nettleton has informed the Governor of Minnesota that that State is entitled to the sum of $12,215 under the provisions of the direct tax act.

William Palmer, thrice tried for the murder of his brother, Albert Palmer, at Saginaw, Mich., and recently convicted of murder in the second degree, was sentenced to the State prison for thirty years.

The Chicago and Ohio River Traffic association are in session in Cincinnati to consider iron and other rates based on iron. It is understood that there will be a slight advance over present rates.

Jonas Hoover, a prominent attorney and local politician at Elkhart, Ind., is in trouble for mailing, it is alleged, a postal card calling Jacob Ulery of Goshen, Ind., a dead beat. Hoover says he can produce equally damaging mailed matter involving Ulery.

The last of the Des Moines "boodle aldermen" cases has been dismissed. No convictions have been made. It is probable that there will be no further prosecutions.

Acting Secretary Grant has detailed Lieuts. Powhatan and Clark of the Tenth calvary, to special duty with the second Westphalian hussars, No. 11, of the Imperial German army, for the purpose of studying the German calvary service.

It is said that although Sir Charles Tupper will go to Washington shortly it will be merely to see Julian Pauncefote and that Mr. Foster and Sir John Thompson will be the delegates sent down to talk limited reciprocity to Mr. Blaine through Sir Julian.

At a meeting of the river coal operators at Pittsburg the price of coal was advanced 1 cent per bushel, making the rate at Cincinnati 6½ cents and Louisville 7 cents.

A committee of the girls employed in the Clark thread mills at Newark, N. J., held a secret meeting and decided to call all the girls out Tuesday evening, and at a general meeting of the girls it was decided to abide by the decision of the committee.

George W. Higgins has brought suit against the "Big Four" railroad company for $10,000 damages on account of the death of his son, who was killed near Lafayette, Ind., in March 1889.

A motion for a new trial for Patrick O'Sullivan, now serving a life sentence in the Joliet Penitentiary for the murder of Dr. Cronin, has been submitted in the Illinois Supreme Court.

A meeting of the heirs of Louis Fisher, who died in 1845, being the sole heir to an estate of $10,000,000 in Germany, was held at Independence, Mo. It was decided to press the claims of the heirs, and money for that purpose was subscribed.

P. T. Barnum has closed his contract with architects for the erection of a building to cost $125,000 as a gift from him to the historic and scientific societies of Bridgeport, Conn.

Two freight trains on the Lake Shore diana, resulting in the wreck of the road collided east of Mishawaka, Inengines and six cars and the destruction of $30,000 worth of property. It was caused by a mistake of orders.

Six hundred miners at Negaunee, Mich., have struck because their wages are not forthcoming.

Congress at its session created a Bureau of Immigration, but failed to appropriate any money for its maintenance.

Patrick Gleason, President of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League, has issued a card to the effect that no action for the reception of delegates, Parnellite or McCarthyite, has been taken at New York.

Between 500 and 600 yardmen and firemen on the East Tennessee railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga have struck for higher wages.

The supply of wheat in Dakota and Minnesota elevators is 21,031,659 bushels, a decrease for the week of 245,916 bushels.

At Coshocton, Ohio, James Chaney, Jr., cut his own and his wife's throat. Both may recover.

Near Charles City, Iowa, Mrs. A. C. Richards became suddenly insane, rose from bed, and killed her husband with a shot-gun.

Hewitt & Champion, a boot and shoe firm which has been doing business at Ypsilanti for over thirty years, made an assignment yesterday for the benefit of their creditors.

Charles W. Longacre, the trusted agent of the American Tack company of St. Louis, has proved to be a defaulter in the sum of $1,500.

Near Mount Sterling, Ky., Mrs. Wigginton was hanged by a mob. Her husband and sons are charged with poisoning two persons.

The river at Peoria, Ill., is clear of ice and navigation has opened. The steamer Pike, which left St. Louis Saturday, reached there Monday, and the LaSalle and Henry left for St. Louis Tuesday morning.

Marshal T. Frame, senior member of the law firm of Frame & Band of Atchison, Kan., died from injuries received in a recent runaway accident. He was an able criminal lawyer.

Fred B. Woods was shot and killed in his saloon at Cincinnati in some unknown manner.

A court-martial has convened at Omaha, Neb., to try Capt. Catley, Company C, Second Infantry, on charges of cowardice in the late Indian campaign.

John Mooney, the noted desperado, was captured while sitting in his mother's house at Wheeling, W. Va.

Work upon the National Home for Printers at Colorado Springs, Col., is to begin at once.

Many villages in England are snowed under and the people threatened with starvation.

A New York Lawyer Missing.

James T. F. Randolph, a lawyer of New York, has mysteriously disappeared, leaving behind him not the slightest clew by which he can be traced. He was a man of regular habits, of undoubted integrity, and in his usual health at the time of his disappearance, all of which add to the mystery.

JUSTICE OR REVENGE,

STRONG LANGUAGE FROM INDIGNANT ITALIANS.

One Declares That the Killing at New Orleans Will Result in War—How It is Regarded at Washington.

A committee of twelve Italians passed through Pittsburg en route to Washington to see Secretary Blaine, President Harrison, and the Italian Minister, and to demand of them that steps be taken immediately in the New Orleans killings. Pasquel Corite, who was spokesman for the party, was much in earnest. He said: "If the Italians in other cities will follow our example there will be raised in a few days a fund of $500,000 to aid the work of securing justice or revenge. I believe the the killing in New Orleans will result in war. But if the Italian government does not force to a complete and satisfactory issue the reparation necessary I will say that an army of Italians will assemble in New Orleans which will fully and effectually avenge the murder of our countrymen."

"You believe in the Mafia and the vendetta?"

"I believe in revenge. Italians are revengeful when angered; we are terribly angry."

"What will you demand of this Government?"

"That those concerned in the killing of the Italian prisoners be brought to justice and that full and complete reparation be made to the families of the deceased."

"If such demands fail, what?"

"We shall demand of the Italian Government that it compel it."

"What would that amount to, even if Italy should seek to compel acquiescence to her demands?"

"Why, sir, Italy has such a navy that if she chose she could station her vessels four miles from land and ruin your coast cities. Italy has 150 or more vessels of war. You see what she could do."

PROCTOR WILL RESIGN.

He is Tired of the Post of Secretary of War.

A Washington special says: Secretary Redfield Proctor is going to resign from the War department. His resignation will make the first break in President Harrison's Cabinet except that which occurred through the death of Secretary Windom. The news will be a great surprise to the country and to official people outside of a narrow circle. Mr. Proctor has had enough of Cabinet life. His distaste for more of it was intimated when he made known to the President that he did not care to be transferred to the Treasury department. His willingness to quit has been emphasized since Congress adjourned. He is not going out of politics entirely, for in due time it is expected he will come to the Senate from Vermont.



SECRETARY PROCTOR.

FAITH CURE'S VICTIMS.

Iowa Christian Scientists Flee to Escape a Lynching.

Three children of John Doan and wife, living near Springville, have died within the last week under the ministrations of two female Christian science healers. When the first child was taken ill Daniel Doan, its grandfather, summoned Mrs. Pitcher of Anamosa and Mrs. Miller of Town Grove, two apostles of Christian science. The first child died and the second was taken ill, when the broken-hearted mother begged for a doctor. The second child died, and a daughter of the elder Doan was taken ill. He watched her die and then turned the faith-healers from his home. They fled on foot for eight miles to Town Grove over muddy roads. There are still several cases of diphtheria in the Doan family, but under the care of a regular physician they are doing well.

ALLISON AND THE ITALIANS.

The Iowa Senator Denies an Alleged Interview.

A Dubuque, Iowa, special says: While in New Orleans the other day Senator Allison was seen by an Associated Press reporter, who telegraphed that the Senator had strongly denounced the killing of the Italians, and he asserted that the evidence brought out on the trial was not strong enough to convict them. Senator Allison reached his home in this city today, and to a correspondent he emphatically denied the statement, saying that so far as he could learn all but two of the slaughtered Italians were known to be guilty. He said the United States could not be held liable for indemnity.

Illinois State News.

Speaker Crafts has announced the standing committees of the house. The following are the chairmen of the principal committees: Judiciary, Dixon of Lee; judicial department and practice, Craig; corporations, Quigg; railroads, Eddy; appropriations, Wilson; revenue, Cockrell; banks and banking, McInerny; agriculture, Moore; building, loan, and homestead associations, O'Donnell; insurance, Donnelly; librarian, Cain; enrolled and engrossed bills, May; World's Columbian exposition, Sterrell; congressional apportionments, Springer; senatorial apportionments, Hunter of Knox; judicial apportionments, Ferns.

The nominations of Isaac N. Phillips of Bloomington, John R. Wheeler of Chicago and John R. Tanner of Louisville as railroad and warehouse commissioners were promptly confirmed by the Senate. The nominations were acted on together and no opposition was manifested; in fact, no negative votes were recorded. Mr. Manecke and one other Democratic Senator refrained from voting. The new board met and organized by electing Mr. Phillips as Chairman and James H. Paddock as Secretary.

Two Passenger Coaches Burned.

Anderson, Ind., telegram: Two passenger coaches belonging to the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan railroad were entirely destroyed by fire this morning in the yard at this city. The hostler, after lighting the lamps in the cars, went away for a few moments. When he returned he found that a lamp had exploded and both coaches were in flames.

A Workman Fatally Injured.

Peter Dohm, an employe of Koehler's enameling works, in Sheboygan, Wis., was fatally injured last evening by the bursting of an emery-wheel.

SEABORN SMITH WILL HANG.

Being a White Man Failed to Free Him Before a Georgia Court.

Atlanta, Ga., telegram: The conviction of a white man of assault upon a colored girl, for which the penalty is death, was the feature of Monday's session of the Newton Superior court. Miss Lelia Aiken is a comely mulatto girl, who had been teaching a colored school in the country. It was her custom to walk from home to the school, three miles distant. One day in the latter part of last year she was overtaken by Road Commissioner Seaborn Smith, who asked her to ride in his buggy, which she did. He drove rapidly to a secluded spot where he assaulted her, and threatened to kill her if she told. The discovery of the crime incited the negroes to lynch law, from which they were restrained by the promise of leading citizens that the Newton county court would do justice. While in jail Smith confessed to some fellow-prisoners as well as to the sheriff. When the trial began, the prisoner relied to a great extent upon his immunity as a white man, but it did not serve his purpose. The jury brought in a verdict without the recommendation to mercy, which, under the Georgia law, saves a culprit's neck. Smith will be sentenced to death.

DEATH AND PANIC IN A FIRE.

Blaze in a New York Tenement House Occupied by Twenty-Two Families.

In New York City two lives were lost and twenty-two families made homeless by a fire which gutted the six-story double tenement at 215 East Twenty-ninth street. The dead are Peter Cryan, aged 50, and his sister, Mary Cryan, aged 45.

Fright and confusion prevailed among the tenants in the house, who ran blindly hither and thither in their efforts to escape.

The fire was extinguished about 9 p. m., and then Battalion Chief Fisher and Capt. Nugent began to search the rooms in the burned building, and on the top floor they found the two bodies. Death was caused by suffocation. From the agonized expression on both faces it was evident that death was attended with the greatest torture. The bodies were carried out on the street and in a wagon to the morgue, where they were placed in pine coffins beside that of Wright, the Astor house suicide.

Mrs. Mary Reilly in trying to get out had her limbs slightly burned and was driven back. The cause of the fire is not known. The loss is $5,500.

SERIOUS WRECK IN ARKANSAS.

A Number of Passengers Injured—A Spreading Rail the Cause.

In a wreck on the Little Rock & Fort Smith road near Ozark, a number of passengers en route to Little Rock and intermediate stations were more or less injured. The wreck was caused by a spreading rail. Three coaches and the baggage car left the track and toppled over.

Sale of Cigarettes to Minors.

Madison, Wis., telegram: The House consumed its time considering the bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes, tobacco, cigars, and narcotics to minors. After voting down various amendments and agreeing to others, it then passed a substitute measure which makes it unlawful to sell any person opium, morphine, or other narcotics without a physician's certificate, and also makes it unlawful for a tobacco dealer to sell to a minor after being forbidden by the parent or guardian of said minor.

Slashed by Italians.

Frank T. Hegadon while talking about the New Orleans lynching with three Italians in Chicago said that every member of the Mafia should be hanged. The words had hardly been spoken when the three Italians drew their knives and attacked Hegadon. He was severely cut about the body and would have been killed outright had not his cries brought several men to his assistance.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.		
BEEVES—Extra 1,500@1,800 lbs	$ 5.85	@ 6.20
Good to fancy steers	5.20	@ 5.60
Poor to medium "	3.70	@ 4.55
Cows	1.40	@ 3.00
Veal calves	2.50	@ 5.50
MILCH COWS—per head	20.00	@40.00
HOGS—Mixed	3.90	@ 4.00
SHEEP—Native	3.75	@ 5.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.88	@ .90
CORN—No. 2	.62	@ .63
OATS—No. 2	.50	@ .51
POTATOES—per bushel	.90	@ 1.10
POULTRY—Chickens, dressed per lb	.09	@ .11
Ducks, dressed, per lb	.12	@ .13
Turkeys, dressed, per lb	.13	@ .14
BUTTER—Choice creamery	.[illegible]	@ .38
Low grades	.00	@ .10
CHEESE—Full cream	.11	@ .12
Off grades	.04	@ .07
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen	.20	@ .21
St. Louis.		
BEEVES—Choice natives	$ 4.50	@5.50
HOGS—Choice	3.40	@ 3.50
SHEEP	4.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.9[illegible]	@ 1.00
CORN—No. 2	.50	@ .60
OATS	.51	@ .52
Milwaukee.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$ 1.00	@ 1.01
CORN	.58	@ .59
OATS	.50	@ .51
Detroit.		
WHEAT, No. 2 Red	$ 1.0[illegible]	@ 1.03
CORN	.[illegible]3	@ .64
OATS	.53	@ .54
Kansas City.		
BEEVES—Grain and corn-fed	3.85	@ 5.00
STEERS—Grass range	1.50	@ 3.90
HOGS	3.25	@ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2	.97	@ .98
CORN—No. 2	.5[illegible]	@ .51
OATS—No. 2	.50	@ .51

Three Hundred Pirates Beheaded.

The steamship City of Peking arrived at San Francisco twenty-five days from Hong Kong and sixteen days from Yokohama. Three hundred Chinese pirates and robbers were beheaded in Kwantung Province during the last few days of the old Chinese year. The funeral of Prince Sau Jo, who died from influenza, was to have taken place on the 30th ult.

Shot a Newspaper Man.

A New Orleans dispatch says: Arthur Dunn, one of the State's lawyers in the Hennessy case, has shot and fatally wounded Frank Waters, a writer on the Sunday Sun, a sensational weekly.

SIX HUNDRED DROWNED.

TERRIBLE DISASTER REPORTED FROM GIBRALTAR BAY.

An Italian Emigrant Ship with About 700 Passengers Goes Down and Two Hundred Lives Are Lost.

Gibraltar cablegram: The British steamship Utopia, from Italian ports bound to New York with 700 Italian emigrants aboard, collided with the British ironclad Rodney, anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and sank soon afterward off Ragged Staff. A southwest gale was blowing at the time of the collision. Many women and children were drowned. A large number clinging to the rigging have been rescued by boats from the channel squadron. Intense excitement prevails on shore.

On entering the bay the Utopia, before colliding with the Rodney, ran into the British ironclad Anson. The Utopia sank within a few minutes. Boats were immediately lowered from the British ironclads and also from the Swedish man-of-war Freya. These boats rescued 120 persons, who are now on board the various vessels. Many others who were rescued are lodged in government buildings on shore. It is reported that the crew of the Utopia was saved, but that over 500 passengers perished.

PRINCE NAPOLEON BURIED

The Body Interred With Catholic Rites at Turin.

The body of Prince Napoleon arrived at Turin, Italy, accompanied by Princess Clotilde, Princess Letitia, and Prince Victor. They were met at the station by the Duke of Genoa, Count Turin, and a large body of court officials. The body was placed on a gun-carriage, heavily draped, and, escorted by a battalion of infantry as a guard of honor, with the band playing dirges, and a line of forty coaches carrying the distinguished company, was conveyed to the church of La Superga, where solemn mass was celebrated. At its conclusion the cortege was again formed and made its way to the cemetery known as "Calvary," where the body was deposited with the services of the Roman Catholic church in a special vault. The utmost respect was shown by the population of Turin to the funeral party and decorations were observed in some quarters. Prince Jerome's will has been made public. It constitutes Prince Louis the universal legatee and his successor. He is also directed to supervise the funeral arrangements. Princess Letitia is given an equal share with her brothers in the estate. Prince Victor is not mentioned in the will.



PRINCE NAPOLEON ("PLON-PLON.")

AN IOWA TOWN DESTROYED.

Incendiaries Cause the Destruction by Fire of North Washington.

A New Hampton, Iowa, special says: The town of North Washington, eight miles north of here, was almost totally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $50,000. The conflagration is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries.

Named in Honor of Gen. Crook.

A Washington special says: The memory of the distinguished Indian fighter, Gen. Crook, has been further honored by the promulgation of a general order from the War Department designating the new military post at Omaha, Neb., Fort Crook. This is in accordance with a provision in the recent Sundry Civil act limiting the cost for the construction of the post to $500,000 and requiring it to be so named. This is the first time for many years that Congress has named a post; this is a matter usually left to the President.

Mortgage for a Quarter of a Billion.

New York telegram: Sidney Dillon, president of the Union Pacific road, to-day confirmed the report that the directors were arranging to place a mortgage on the property. It is stated that the mortgage will be made for $250,000,000, the largest ever recorded, and will provide for taking up the underlying liens and also for an immediate issue to pay off the floating dept. The plan is expected to be completed in time to present to the stockholders at their meeting next month.

An Insane German Officer.

Berlin cablegram: Lieutenant of the Infantry Blume armed two squads of infantry in Naumburg Germany, and ordered them to charge the unsuspecting citizens with drawn bayonets. Eight persons were mortally wounded. Blume, who is the son of a general, was intoxicated. The authorities declare him to be temporarily insane.

A Present to Senator Gorman.

Baltimore, Md., dispatch: The committee of Maryland Democrats to procure a testimonial for Senator Gorman in appreciation of his services in Congress have determined to present him with a solid silver dinner-service to cost $2,000.

They Quarreled About a Dog.

In a quarrel over a dog at Milledgeville, Florida, Joe Tucker was shot through the head five times with a Winchester rifle by M. Ennis and instantly killed.

SEVENTY-SIX AND TWENTY.

The Respective Ages of an Eloping Couple Who Are Now One.

Benjamin Farabee of Old Concord, Washington county, Pennsylvania, and Miss Mary E. Imlay of California, in the same county, eloped to Pittsburg and were married. The groom is a wealthy farmer 76 years of age and the bride is only 20. Her aged sweetheart has no children, but his relatives interfered and threatened to prevent the ceremony. On leaving home the bridegroom had to be assisted to the train by a servant. The couple went home in the morning.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Chairman Allison, of the Senate appropriation committee, gives the reasons which operated in the several appropriation acts to increase expenditures authorized by the present Congress over those of its predecessors. He says:

An increase of $1,441,473 under the agricultural appropriation act was caused by the establishment of agricultural experiment stations and the transfer of the weather bureau from the war department.

In the army appropriation bill the small increase of $32,085 was for the expenses of recruiting, and in the diplomatic and consular service a reduction of $10,750 was made. An increase of $637,849 for the District of Columbia was for the police department, street improvement and public schools, and under fortification an increase of $2,501,144 was for continuing the construction of mortar batteries for the defense of Boston, New York, San Francisco, and other harbors, and for the new gun factory at Watervliet, N. Y. In the Indian bill an increase of $7,207,142 was made to carry into effect recent treaties negotiated with various Indian tribes. An increase of $1,456,634 under the legislative, executive, and general branch of the government was for clerical force in the various departments, mainly in the pension office. An increase of $360,000 was made in the internal revenue service, principally on account of the expenses of inspection of sugar, upon which a bounty is to be paid. The appropriations for the military academy were less than those made by the last Congress by $30,419. The navy appropriations show an increase of $14,012,344 for new ships for the navy and the improvement of plants at the navy-yards. Pensions show an increase of $118,312,351, including the deficiencies made by the Fifty-first Congress over the Fiftieth Congress. This increase was caused in part by the failure of the present Congress to make sufficient appropriations for pensions for the year 1890, leaving a deficiency of $25,311,907 to be provided for.

An increase of $22,668,348 under the Post-Office bill was due to the growth and expansion of the service throughout the country. The increase of $1,738,078 for river and harbor improvements was due to enlarged appropriations for some of the principal works of improvement in progress, such as the Mississippi and Missouri River improvements. The increase for sundry civil expenses of $15,550,499 was for the river and harbor improvements, expenses of the eleventh census, public buildings, Government Printing-Office, Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, military posts, for artificial limbs for soldiers, for the World's Fair, for the life-saving service, for recoinage of silver coins, quarantine service.

The deficiency appropriations exclusive of pension deficiencies were $1,726,264 less than those made by the Fiftieth Congress, although an appropriation of $1,304,000 for the payment of French spoliation claims was included in the bill.

The miscellaneous appropriations act shows a decrease of $9,159,221 over the Fiftieth Congress. This was caused in the main by the fact that many public building acts passed by the Fiftieth Congress carried appropriations therefor, while the Fifty-first Congress excluded most of such appropriations from the special acts and made special provisions in the sundry civil act.

The Knights of Labor are after Senator Cockrell of Missouri. They want his scalp and they say they will get it, providing, of course, they can elect an anti-Cockrell Legislature. The Senator's term of service does not expire until 1893, but already the pipes are being laid to beat him. One of the most prominent labor men in the country, who is also a lecturer in the Farmers' Alliance, says that "Senator Cockrell is the bitterest enemy to organized labor in public life. Since he took his seat in the Senate he has never lost an opportunity to deal us a blow. There is nothing vindictive about our organization, but I think we will be justified by the people in making war on those who antagonize us. The Knights and the Farmers' Alliance will stand together in opposition to the re-election of Francis Cockrell. We will begin this summer to flood the State of Missouri with extracts from the Senator's speeches on labor matters and at the proper time send orators to stump every legislative district in the State. Two years ago we began our fight on Ingalls and we defeated him. We did it in the same way we are going to proceed against Cockrell—that is by acquainting the people fully with his record. You will find that Senators Peffer and Kyle will have some Alliance-Labor company in the Senate in 1893."

TO STUDY "DEATH VALLEY."

J. Clory Ordered by the Signal Service to Make an Investigation.

J. Cloryof the signal service, stationed at Kansas City, started for California under orders from headquarters. He is directed to proceed to "Death Valley" in the southwestern part of the California desert, and to there make a minute study of the atmospheric conditions and phenomena.

The signal service has long been endeavoring to collect statistics regarding "Death Valley," but, on account of the danger of residence there, has never ordered any one to make the investigation. Mr. Clory volunteered and his services were accepted.

MORGAN TO BE RETIRED.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs Asked to Resign.

Washington telegram: Indian Commissioner Morgan is in trouble. President Harrison, it is understood, has asked for his resignation. It will be remembered that when Morgan was nominated to the place there was much indignation among Catholics because of his hostility to that church. His confirmation was vigorously opposed and he got through only after a hard fight. His administration of the Indian office, the Catholics have charged, has been marked by intolerance toward Catholic Indian schools and the Catholic missionaries among the Indians.

He Jumped Over Niagara Falls.

A man jumped over Niagara Falls at Prospect Point. He came from the West in the morning, and had a ticket for New York via the West Shore railroad. He was about 24 years of age. He was good-looking and well-dressed and weighed about 160 pounds. He had the appearance of a Frenchman and spoke in broken English.

A Congressman Ill.

Col. Miller, the congressman-elect from the Oskosh, Wisconsin, district, is seriously ill with the grip. He has been confined to the house for a week.

FOR THE LADIES.

AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINING CHAT WITH CHARMING FEMININITY.

The Cross Mother—The Care of Books—Fireside Despots—Lady Guides of London—Etc.

Long years ago there lived a man,
A learned man, they say—
So learned that his memory
Has lived until to-day.

He'd studied all the sciences
And mastered every art,
Except the art of capturing
A loving woman's heart.

And so a lonely bachelor
He lived, and so he died;
And Charon ferried him across
The Styx's inky tide.

And now the question must arise,
From countless lips let fall;
Although he knew so much, was he
A wise man, after all?
—Somerville Journal.

The Cross Mother.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross—says Agnes B. Ormsbee, in Harper's Bazar. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings and repels loving attentions with her irritable hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross," and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repents itself. The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause if possible. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too much sewing, too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength. Even the extent of one's religious and philanthropic work should be carefully examined, and if the trouble lies there, calmly and wisely dismiss some or all of it from the list of duties, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is surprising how easily seeming interests or needs can be spared without injury to the home life whenever the thoughtful woman seeks to find them, and surely one of the worst of household influences is mother's crossness.

Fireside Despots.

History gives us full-length portraits of many of the colossal oppressors of mankind, but makes little or no mention of the private tyrants who have abounded in all ages and countries among the "undistinguished throng." Yet, in proportion to their opportunities, the latter are, perhaps, as culpable as the former. There are fireside monarchs as cruel, as remorseless, as utterly selfish and brutal as any crowned villain that ever lived. The difference between one of these family despots and a Nero or a Commodus is simply a difference of sphere and of power. It is true he cannot violently put to death his subjects—his wife and family—without being held responsible by the law; but he can kill them by inches without the slightest danger. He can murder, by little and little, the poor weak woman whom he has promised before heaven to cherish and protect, with as much impunity as the Sultan of Turkey can bowstring a treacherous slave.

We rail at the lawless deeds of kings and emperors, but many a household *kaiser* rules his family as tyrannical as they rule their "hereditary bondsmen." If the annals of each domestic despotism were patent to the world, as they are to the world's Creator, we should all be compelled to admit that the tyrants of history, black as they are painted by historians, did not witness the torture of their victims with more pleasure than some husbands and fathers seem to take in tormenting their wives and children.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Lady Guides of London.

Of especial interest to lady travelers in England is the establishment of the lady guides in Cockspur street. The venture is only about a year old, and the enterprising ladies who started it were roundly laughed at by their friends, who thought the project a visionary one. But the success of the plan has been abundantly proven. The ladies in charge undertake to do everything that a stranger in London would wish to have done. They recommend hotels and lodging houses, and will engage rooms for you in advance, if you so desire. You have only to name the location, price and general features of a stopping-place, and they can be relied on to procure it for you. They shop for you, engage servants, meet friends at the station, take care of children while you go pleasuring, or entertain them at Madame Tussaud's or any other place of amusement that you may elect; show you about picture galleries, get tickets of admission to all the difficult places, and, make your visit comfortable, with the exception of a contented mind, the traveller's most necessary commodity. At the headquarters of the lady guides there are reception rooms supplied with newspapers and writing materials, dressing rooms, private rooms in which to interview servants, and a modest restaurant. As a correspondent says: "The overworked, the shiftless, the lazy, the stranger, all go to the lady guides."

The Care of Books.

Children should early be taught the care of a book. A very little child can understand that a book must not be thrown on the floor, or torn, or bent backward, or maltreated in the fifty small ways in which children are permitted to abuse books. Such habits in children are due quite as much to ignorance as carelessness on the part of parents. Those who have no interest or affection for books themselves are not likely to expect it from their children. A reverence for books is part of the love one bears them, and people who have been brought up in an atmosphere of books, or who spend much time in reading or study, will naturally handle a book respectfully themselves, and insist that their children shall do likewise.

There is much negligence shown in the matter of returning borrowed books, and this often by persons of whom one would expect better things. For months after a book is read it is allowed to lie about the house, and no especial effort is made to return it to its owner. That a book should be returned as soon as read, just as particularly as one would return a tool after using it, or a garment after wearing it, would appear to go without saying. Yet it is not always the case.

And it is right to insist that our children shall be as exact in this respect. That they shall, after borrowing a book, cover it neatly—if it be a nicely bound one—treat it carefully while in their possession, and return it promptly when finished. This is not only simple justice to the owner, but such teaching will go far toward making a child particular about the property of others.—Harper's Bazar.

Fashion Notes.

The cinnamon brown cloth dress has only three narrow tucks at the bottom of the skirt. To wear with this dress there is a becoming toque, which is trimmed with fancy feathers, in which the three different colors of the dress fabrics are united, with very pretty effect.

Long veils are again in favor. They are fastened to the edge of the hat, and fall down below the wearer's waist. They are worn in a color to match the hat, and may be of either very fine tulle or a coarser netted looking sort, with the irregular dots and spots scattered about.

Flannels, printed with a Turkish pattern on a very bright colored ground, are again much used for dressing gowns. These comfortable looking garments are generally trimmed with ruchings of pinked-out cloth, the leading color of the design in flannel.

The Season says that the trimmings of all dresses for visiting and ceremonious occasions, as well as indoor reception and dinner parties, are marvels of costly ornamentation and finish, and nothing is considered too rich or magnificent in trimming and material, provided a rare and exquisite taste knows exactly the line to be drawn between the wearable and unwearable.

Among the most popular trimmings are the jeweled novelties, which are brilliant with cut gems or imitations, which glisten most effectively beneath gas or electric lights.

At the opening of the festival season after Easter, evening dresses will be beautifully trimmed with garlands and sprays of lovely flowers, and The Season makes a suggestion that should prove of benefit to our ingenious young friends.—Saturday Night.

A Baby's Strange Escape.

A three-year-old daughter of James Brown, of Grafton, W. Va., fell into a well, a few days ago, while her mother was standing looking at her but was unable to give assistance. The mother's screams brought the neighbors rushing to the rescue, and Henry Magill was lowered into the well with a rope around his waist and succeeded in bringing the little one to the surface with no worse injuries than a badly bruised head and a severely chilled body. She was in the water about a quarter of an hour and but for a board which fell in with her she would have been drowned. This board caught cross-ways in the well at the top of the water, and when Mr. Magill descended he saw only the child's head above the water and the little fingers clutching the board to keep her from sinking.

To Be or Not to Be.

"Mr. Branbrane came to see me last evening." "Ah!" archly commented her dear friend, Miss Seldom, who had been younger, "the usual result, I suppose?" "Yes, he did make an offer, but—" "You should have let him go when he offered to. He tries it on all the girls, and I'm sorry to see you hadn't more pride than to hold him back." They don't speak now.—Philadelphia Times.

The Influence of Women.

A young man who for several years has been a newspaper correspondent in Wyoming, asserts that during the twenty-one years of woman suffrage in that state there has been but one shooting fray at the polls. This occurred in a remote precinct where no women voted.

Looking Forward.

Old Bullion—"That black velvet is very becoming to you."

Young Wife—Oh, I now black was becoming before I married."—N. Y. Weekly.

THE CAMP FIRE.

REMINISCENCES AND EPISODES OF THE LATE REBELLION.

An Anecdote of Sherman—He Wanted a Wound—More About Fort Gregg—Grant's Monument—Etc., Etc.

At the Union League club meeting in New York Chauncey M. Depew, its president, spoke thus of Sherman: "He was the one man of the distinguished statesmen and soldiers produced by our civil war who had genius, the genius of originality. It nearly destroyed his career at one time, while it made it at another. He was pronounced a visionary enthusiast when he said that it would take 200,000 men to hold the border States, and some went so far as to officially pronounce him a lunatic. When he grasped the real weakness of the Confederacy and marched from Atlanta to the sea he became a hero. Nearly all great men hedge themselves about with stage dignity and are always posing for effect, but Sherman was the one eminent man who could be simply Sherman and not detract anything from his reputation or dignity. One story which Gen. Sherman told me gives the inside history of the famous march to the sea. Sherman had been importuning Gen. Grant, President Lincoln and the War department every day for permission to cut loose from his base of supplies and march through the country from Atlanta to the sea-coast. Stanton thought he was foolish, Lincoln was afraid he'd lose his army, and while General Grant in the main agreed with the plan, there were staff influences around him that were hostile to its execution. One day Sherman received a telegram from Lincoln saying that he might use his discretion. He instantly ordered one of his staff to take a detachment and tear down the wires for fifty miles between Atlanta and Washington. This circumstance he never told publicly, but he said that when Gen. Grant's book was published he was interested in a statement it contained to the effect that Gen. Rawlins went to Washington to countermand the order permitting Sherman to march to the sea, but he found that 'the rebels had cut the wires.'"

He Wanted a Wound.

Wounded?

No. Nor have I ever seen the time when I wished to be.

Did any one?

Yes, indeed.

I have known volunteers who never gave a thought to rank or promotion, who served well and fought well with, seemingly, no other ambition than to carry home with them some ugly scar in a conspicuous place. I recall a remarkable case of this kind.

Johnnie was a young and rosy recruit in a Kentucky regiment, brave in action and a favorite in camp. He often expressed a wish that the war might not end until he had received his scar.

One day in 1863, while the army of Gen. Rosecrans was resting at Murfreesboro, Tenn., recruiting from the effects of Stone river, the company to which Johnnie belonged was ordered out as guard to a wagon train that was pulling out on a foraging expedition. Our line of march was on the line of the Shelbyville turnpike, where we found some well-filled corn cribs. While the wagons were being loaded Johnson's company took up a position across the turnpike, a mile in advance, while other companies guarded the other approaches.

The enemy was not long in discovering our object and attacking our position, which we had strengthened by a rail and log barricade. During these attacks Johnnie persisted in needlessly exposing himself in the hope that he might be wounded. At the moment of one of the fiercest efforts to dislodge us, Johnnie mounted the barricade and yelled derisively at the enemy, but in shorter time than it requires to write it, he leaped to the ground, with one hand clasping the side of his neck, and danced with glee.

Wounded!

When the enemy withdrew and the wound was examined, it was found to be so slight that no hopes of a scar could be entertained. Tears and profanity followed, and Johnnie finished the war unscarred.—Pioneer Press.

A Ghost Story.

It was one night during the war that a number of the "brave boys in blue" were walking along together, chatting familiarly, writes H. G. Miller, in Toledo Blade. Whether they had been to a citizen's hen-roost or not, I cannot say; and it is not of material importance.

An old graveyard lay by their way, and grim death has a wonderful influence over man, and sometimes, even, over men such as these stern soldiers were. However, one of the boldest ones said, without a quaver in his voice:

"Well, I reckon some condemned rascal will rise up out of a grave to scare us as we pass the graveyard."

They were then nearing the cemetery. As they approached the dreary place, to their dismay and unspeakable horror, a scene met their gaze that sent a chill over their frames, and a thrill of fear to their hearts. Their hair began to rise, and their hearts almost stood still. They were not dreaming; they saw a "spook." It appeared like a person with a white mantle on, raising up out of a grave. A strange feeling crept over the mighty men of valor." The silence was finally broken by one of them saying:

"I will go up there and touch that infernal thing if you will!"

Another one said: "All right, I will if the rest will."

Another replied: "I'll be hanged if I ain't about as near as I want to be!" and he spoke truly.

But they all agreed to join hands and go up and touch the "spook," or whatever it proved to be. Horrors! it seemed to get larger. Now it starts up and now it recedes; but the soldiers were not to be scared out at all hazards. They reached out and touched it! An oath and a laugh of derision went up from the men. A grave having sunk in considerable, an old white horse that had been grazing hard by had stumbled in it, and was trying to get out! The soldiers got quickly over their fright, and were soon going on their way rejoicing. The lesson learned that night cured them of superstition, and ever after, when the camps needed "substance," those men were singled out to go and get it.

More About Fort Gregg.

William H. H. Beckwith, Co. H, 89th N. Y., says that his regiment, which belonged to the Twenty-fourth Corps, took part in the capture of Fort Gregg. The writer was not in the charge, being detailed with Gen. Cooley's battalion of sharpshooters, but he could see the fort when it was captured. Some time in the forenoon a charge was made, which failed, and he could see soldiers lying on the outside of the fort. A part of the Twenty-fourth Corps was ordered to reinforce them, and the 89th N. Y. was one of the regiments. The colonel was shot through the head and killed, and a number of others were shot. When they reached the fort they broke the door on the outside, rushed in and used their bayonets, but before the enemy would yield most of them were killed.

Neal C. Spring, Company I, 67th Ohio, says that the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, composed of the 67th and 62nd Ohio, 39th Illinois, 85th and 199th Pennsylvania, captured Fort Gregg. The writer was wounded there and knows what troops were in the charge. After the main line of works was taken, the 62d Ohio was deployed as skirmishers and the remainder of the brigade supported them. The rebel skirmishers were soon driven back to the fort. The First Brigade was drawn up in line of battle and the rebels were shelling them with telling effect, when a cheer went up from the brigade and the color-bearer of the writer's regiment stepped to the front and said that his colors should go into that fort; but he and a great many others lost their lives in the charge. The colors of the 39th Illinois and 67th Ohio were planted on Fort Gregg about the same time, but the color guards were all killed as soon as the flag was planted.—National Tribune.

Those Batteries on Little Kenesaw.

Comrade John Clark, of Barnett's Battery, gives an account of his battery at Kenesaw Mountain and Jonesboro in The National Tribune from which one would be led to infer that Barnett's was about the only battery in Sherman's army. He says Barnett's and Gardner's were the only Union batteries engaged in Little Kenesaw. Now I don't pretend to have seen all the fighting around Atlanta but I know that our battery (Battery H., 1st Ill.) and the 1st Iowa battery were on Little Kenesaw, the latter being a little to our left, and that we had not only one artillery duel, but for 11 days in succession—from June 21 to 30—we had them every day. We dismounted several of the enemy's guns on Kenesaw Mountain, and the 1st Iowa had a peculiar faculty of plugging their little shells into the rifle-pits in the valley, as the Johnnies can testify from experience.

At Jonesboro we were with our division—the Second of the Fifteenth Corps—and as usual did our share of the work, firing shell and case-shot during the whole battle. The batteries in Sherman's army were all good—none better were ever known; but, comrade, don't take all the credit; pass it around.—P. D. Swick, De Gress's Battery.

Good Records.

J. L. Taylor, Company L, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, knows that his regiment did not put down the entire rebellion, but did all it was commanded to do. Since moving to Texas the writer met Gen. Cable, and is sure the boys will remember him, as he charged them at Fayetteville, Ark., where he gave the Union forces a very hard fight. He met him at Dallas, Texas, some two years ago, where he heard him make a speech which the rebels cheered. After he was through the writer asked him how it came that when he charged Fayetteville, Ark., he left so soon afterwards, to which he could give no answer. The only reason the writer can see for his leaving so soon was that they gave him too many minie-balls, and there was too much show of cold steel to suit him.

The Torpedo Chaser.

Secretary Tracy has given up the idea of inducing Congress to increase the appropriation required for the construction of the "torpedo chaser," which would cost $150,000 more than the sum authorized by Congress. Instead, he will ask for power to contract for two torpedo boats, and he is very likely to get it.—Army and Navy Register.

An Opinion.

A. Randolph, Co. A, 16th Pa. Cav., thinks it about time to give the old soldiers a rest about the batteries that fought in the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, as he thinks that history and the monuments erected ought to settle the question to the satisfaction of all concerned.

TEXAS FLORA.

A Spicy Natural History Lesson by a Woman.

There is something singularly attractive about the flora of West Texas, says a bright woman in a letter to the St. Louis Republican. It is difficult for the most indifferent, if they come in close personal contact, to avoid getting stuck on it. In this line the 47 varieties of cacti, those floral outlaws whose Ishmael hands are against every man, lead off. Now, what I object to in the cacti is their lack of discrimination. They don't care whom they hit, and would as soon implant a handful of their fangs in the person of an ardent admirer as in that of their bitterest enemy.

When they have deposited their stickers in you they take no more interest in them; simply let go and allow you to take the interest. They are intended, I think, as a sort of visiting card, and I am told they will travel industriously through your system (facetious) and present themselves before your inner consciousness.

The mesquite is a very ingenious tree. It masquerades as a peach, and the counterfeit is perfect to the eye of the tenderfoot or newcomer. It is very wary about growing to much height or size lest it should be cut down and made use of. It is also careful to be crooked in stem, limb and twig that you could not get a piece out of it anywhere three inches long going all the time in the same direction, yet in spite of itself it is a useful and beautiful tree. Its crookedness does not interfere with its value as firewood; it has feathery, graceful foliage, great clusters of pendant bear pods, which are very nutritious and fattening for horses and cattle, and a thorn about two inches long and sharper than a serpent's tooth.

Then there is the cat-claw and its cousins and aunts, that are all thorns and have neither leaf, bud, berry nor blossom, and appear to be of no use on earth. But this is not so. They have an office; their task is a necessary but most ungrateful one. Out in this beautiful prairie country the air is like champagne, the skies smiling and cloudless as those of Italy, the climate so kind, the soil so generous, it is so easy to get a horse, one that will go, and everything conspires to make one forget, while on his back, that man is mortal, and that he is born to a destiny higher and sadder than mere enjoyment. It seems possible to always ride on and on, leaving behind every pain and failure of this cumbrous yet frail garment of humanity that we wear, the cares that sadden, the disappointments that gnaw, the griefs that benumb, the doubts and fears which corrode the pure gold of our happiness.

To ride! To ride! Endless miles unrolling behind you, new beauties opening before; the wind ringing in your ears, the blood in your veins; your heart exulting in your bosom! It is then, as you skim across the plains, dreaming you are a swallow and that you will at the next bound dart away rejoicing into the blue empyrean, that the cat-claw gets in its appointed work. Reaching forth a detaining hand it abstracts a bit of your anatomy, promptly and effectually bringing you back to earth and its woes.

A Collection of Well Known Saws.

A boiled egg never hatches. Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave. Lawyers', preachers' and tomtits' eggs—there are more of them hatched than come to perfection. A dead fish can go down stream, but it takes a live one to go up. One Festor is worth two Ajaxes. Nothing but money is sweeter than honey. Some are weatherwise, some are otherwise. Whatever may be the music of the spheres, how great soever the harmony of the stars, 'tis certain there is no harmony among star gazers. When it's fair be sure and take your great coat with you. If your head is wax don't walk in the sun.

Love your neighbor, yet don't pull down your hedge. Many foxes grow gray, but few grow good. Men and melons are hard to know. Pride gets into the coach and shame mounts behind. The fur that warmed a monarch warmed a hare. None speaks better than the ant, and she says nothing. The muses love the morning. The muses starve in a cook's shop. Though all men cannot live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun. Time and patience turn the mulberry leaf to satin.—Boston Transcript.

Standard Fineness of Gold.

The purity of gold is estimated by an Abyssinian weight called a carat (Arabian, quirrat, a bean, the fruit of the carab tree), which is subdivided into four parts called grains. The term carat when applied to gold and silver is not a weight unit, but the mode of expressing the purity or fineness of the metal in twenty-fourths. Thus, 18-carat gold is metal in which eighteen parts out of twenty-four (or three-fourths) are pure gold. This method of estimating fineness is traceable from the marc of Europe having been divided into 24 real carats or actual weight units. The present method is to estimate fineness in thousands, i. g., gold 750 fine has 250 parts alloy, and corresponds to 18-carat gold, three-quarters of the metal being pure gold in each case. Our gold coins are 21.19 carats.

Body Servants of Supreme Justices.

Each of the justices of the United States supreme court is allotted a body servant, who is paid out of the contingent fund of the court. These servants report promptly every morning at 9 at the residences of the justices, whom they attend constantly during the day. They shave the justices, do their errands, and occasionally act as coachmen for them. Each justice is also furnished with a private secretary.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Owen Bradley, of Fredonia, died of the grip.

Assemblyman John Edwards, of Port Edwards, is dead.

Capt. Alex. Durocher, an old settler at Green Bay, is dead.

About $3,000 was paid to the Winnebago Indians at Mauston.

Peter Zevlewski was fined $500, at Whitehall, for killing his wife.

S. S. Sheldon, a Grand Army man of Appleton, died at the age of 47.

A plate-glass company, with $75,000 capital, was formed at Oshkosh.

Charles Ballard, a former Palmyra veteran, died at Edgewood, Mich.

The residence of E. B. Clifton, of Waukesha, was badly damaged by fire.

A large lot of cows have been brought to Hartford from Howard, S. D.

Fire in Charles Stock's planing company, Milwaukee, caused a loss of $7,500.

Prof. Henry has decided to stay with the Wisconsin Agricultural college.

The St. Paul road will, it is said, soon erect a new depot in Fond du Lac.

Trout fry to the number of 100,000 were placed in the streams about LaCrosse.

C. M. Foreman is to leave the State land office, after thirty years service there.

The Outagamie jail is so crowded with tramps that they eat and sleep in relays.

A firebug at Oshkosh attempted to burn the wagon works of A. Strelch & Bro.

Louis Fell, a saloon-keeper of Caroline, hanged himself in the woods near Gresham.

D. C. Prescott, of Marinette, is building a residence in West Duluth to cost $20,000.

Twelve thousand dollars worth of tobacco leaf changed hands at Evansville in one day.

Mrs. Ryall, mother of Thomas Ryall, of Waukesha, is dead, in her seventy-first year.

Engineers in the employ of the Omaha road have made a survey through Durand.

Judge Keyes, of Madison, is rapidly improving and, it is thought, will soon be well.

John Cody, a '49er in California, died at Lake Geneva, having reached his seventieth year.

The council special committee, of Milwaukee, passed the 3-cent street car fare ordinance.

Milwaukee owners of an Arkansas sawmill say their men are not starving, as reported.

A small child of Joseph Noebler, of Marengo, near Ashland, was accidentally scalded to death.

Caroline Whitmore got a verdict of $800 for personal damages against the city of Whitewater.

A flour mill situated about six miles from Osseo, burned. Was owned by Milwaukee parties and worth $7,500.

John Wood, of Green Bay, recovered $7,000 from the Milwaukee & Northern Railway company for the loss of a leg.

Stoughton folks say that they will resist with force any attempt by the Dane county drainage commissioners to tear down the Stoughton dams.

The official report of the diocese of Green Bay shows a population of 110,000. Of 108 priests engaged in the ministry, 21 were born in this country.

Joseph Voibt, 25 years old is in a critical condition at his home in Milwaukee, the result of several stabs inflicted by his aged father, Alois Voibt.

Miss Irene Kniekelbine, who stood in line before the Ashland land office for three days three weeks ago, filed on a piece of property worth $8,000.

The common council of Menasha has forwarded a remonstrance to every member of the Legislature against the proposed union of Neenah and Menasha.

The United States marshal is looking up evidence in the case of parties who are alleged to be a gang of moonshiners who run an illicit still in Waukesha County.

Janesville's mayor will probably get a salary hereafter, as will also the aldermen. The matter was left to a vote of the latter and carried almost unanimously.

A sneak-thief made quite a haul at the Kirby house, Milwaukee, getting a gold watch and $18 from H. S. Weld of Oshkosh, and $17 from J. W. Hudson of Madison.

The Diamond Match Company, of Ontonagon, Mich., has sold to Browne, Chapin & Co., of Wausau, 30,000,000 feet of lumber, 20,000,000 of shingles and 10,000,000 lath.

President Chamberlain, of the Wisconsin State University, has just received from Paris the bronze medal awarded him for scientific work in the geological branch of the Paris exhibit.

Martin Reddy, who died in Chicago of pneumonia, was a native of Milwaukee and a son-in-law of Maj. McCauley, ex-Commissioner of Public Works. The remains were brought to Milwaukee for interment.

A veteran from California giving his name as John Smith attempted suicide in Milwaukee by jumping into the river. He was rescued. He had been on a spree and was on the verge of delirium tremens.

Miss Kate Webber, the young lady who died in Milwaukee a few days after having given birth to a child, left her home in Oconomowoc, it is claimed, three weeks ago, telling her parents that she had been requested by a Dr. Brown to come to Milwaukee.

The jury in the libel suit of Mrs. Anna Collins against the Evening Telegram of West Superior, returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, placing the damage at $900. The suit arose from a charge by the paper that Mrs. Collins was an inmate of a house of ill-fame.

The old store at Blakeville, Ozaukee County, built by Phillip Eckel in 1836 for Barnum Blake, will be torn down for the brick it contains. This building is an old landmark. An immense business was once done there by the pioneer merchant princes of Port Washington, being at its height about the time of the war.

The striking trunkmakers to the number of 100 gathered at the M. M. Secor trunk factory in Racine and as the men left the factory the strikers shouted "Scabs!" and began pelting them with bricks and stones. Frank Pavak, one of the men, was overtaken by a mob and pounced upon. He defended himself with a knife until the arrival of the police.

G. A. Griffith, a trunk manufacturer with a factory in Oshosh and an office in Chicago, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. K. M. Hutchinson, of Oshkosh, is named as assignee of the Oshkosh business. The assets are estimated at over $20,000; liabilities $15,000. Mr. Griffith says he was doing more business than he could handle with the capital at his disposal.

The Retrenchment Committee of the Legislature was considering a proposition to reduce the pay of the clergymen of Madison who are called in to open the sessions of the two Houses with prayer. The last Legislature reduced the price to $10 a prayer, and now it is proposed to make the price $10 per week. A member has recommended that the Legislature advertise for bids for prayers and award the contract to the lowest bidder.

Thomas Massey, an old resident of Milwaukee, met an almost instant death at his residence. Shortly before 8 o'clock Mr. Massey arose and remarked that he would go up-stairs and knock the icicles off the eaves of the house, as he was afraid some one would get hurt. Taking with him a snow shovel he proceeded to a window on the second floor. While reaching out to reach the icicles he pitched headlong to the sidewalk. He fell on his head and broke his neck.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

She sat beside her baby's cradle and rocked it softly to and fro, with a shadow on her face and a shadow on her heart. She was a woman whose years had not numbered 25. For four years she had been a wife, and for two a mother. To-night, as she sat there in the gathering twilight rocking her child to sleep, she was thinking of her life.

She had married a man almost as old as her father—a man whose hair was tinged with gray. Not because she loved him, as most women love the men they marry, but because her father urged her to do so. It was for his interest that his daughter should become the wife of Hugh McLeod, who had vast wealth at his command, and the Arden estate was one whose glory had waned years before.

Living in a state of almost complete isolation from society, it is not to be wondered at that Alice Arden felt a sort of gratitude for the wooer with gray hair, who came to break up the monotony of the life which was so uneventful and dull. She knew no one of her age; the world was to her a sealed book. She had never opened its pages.

So, when Hugh McLeod asked her hand in marriage, she did not hesitate long in making her decision.

The world outside the hills was something which held all the fascination of an outer mystery to her, and, as Hugh McLeod's wife, she could go out into it and mingle in scenes which seemed to her untrained vision a part of enchantment. To her, the life which this marriage could give her was little less than life in an enchanted land.

And then her father wished it!

That would have been sufficient to make her decision what it was, if she had no other interest in the matter. She had always been guided by her father's wishes. He had been very kind to her, and was always her only friend, for her mother had been dead for years and years.

Taking her previous life into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that she did not think very seriously upon the step she was taking. Life hitherto had held no issues which demanded serious thought. In marrying Hugh McLeod she did not think of what coming years might bring, but of the change which the marriage would bring into her life. She was restless and uneasy under the monotony of the years which held so much sameness in them.

They were married. The first years of her married life were very happy ones. No husband could be kinder or more thoughtful of her happiness than her husband was. He loved her in a quiet, undemonstrative way, and anything that he could do for her to gratify her wishes was done gladly. He placed his wealth at her command. He gave her everything money could buy.

And in those years she opened the pages of life and read something of the world. She saw its gold and glitter—she saw its struggles and defeats.

Then a baby came to them. A child with blue eyes like its father's and yellow hair like hers—a fair-faced, beautiful child, which stirred the depths of mother love in her bosom and seemed the fairest child in all the world to her.

Why it was I cannot say, but after the baby's birth a strange restlessness seized her—a vague yearning after something which had never come into her life.

She tried to analyze the sensation, but it baffled her. It was something unlike anything she had ever felt before. It seemed as if she was alone in the world and the things she cared for were afar off and beyond her grasp. At such times, when the wild unrest came upon her, she would clasp her baby to her bosom and hold it close, as though she feared to lose it. When she saw its father kiss its dimpled face and give it tender caresses it seemed to her that it no longer belonged to her. It was his. She had no right to it. He never kissed her in that way. He never made any demonstration of his love in the thousand little nameless caresses which a woman values so. Sometimes she doubted if he loved her. The insight she had gained into life had given her knowledge if it had not brought her wisdom. If he loved her why couldn't he show it as he showed his love for the baby? A kiss or a tender word would have quieted the unrestful feeling at her heart. Many times when she was silent and troubled, seemingly cold and abstracted, a word would have drawn her to his bosom, and the arms of her husband about her would have kept the shadow away. But the word never came.

By and by Basil Forest crossed her path of life, and for a time their ways led on together.

He had a selfish nature and at the same time a nature which was capable of feeling for others. When he first met Alice McLeod, and saw her, a woman in the flush of youth and beauty, the wife of a man whose hair was full of frost, he felt a kind of pity for her, and that pity soon grew into love. Let me do the man justice, and say that I think he really loved her as well as he was capable of loving anyone else. He had a touch of romance in his nature, and the circumstances which surrounded them made the affair vastly more interesting to him than it would otherwise have been.

Following out his selfish propensities and acting on his flexible code of morals, he wanted this woman all to himself, and he did not hesitate to tell her so.

Basil Forest urged her to fly with him. In some other land they could be happy together. He told her that she was wasting the best years of her life; she must choose between a life with love to beautify it, and a life without love. Either path stretched away before her feet. She was free to tread the one her heart chose.

But to-night, as she sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, until she was almost dizzy, she felt that she was not free to choose as her heart dictated. Duty was before her. Life with him had a strange fascination for her, but it was a life full of sinfulness and evil. She knew that.

But he loved her! And it was so sweet to think that she was loved. How could she go on and on—God only knew how long—in this loveless life which duty pointed out to her as the one which she should choose?

She thought of her husband. He had been kind, very kind to her. She could never expect more unselfish indulgencies of her wants and wishes from any man. She had no fault to find with him, only he was so quiet, so reserved, and she fancied he did not love her. No fault, I said. After all, what greater fault could a man have in a woman's eyes than that he did not love her?

So the battle went on in her bosom, the conflict between right and wrong. They were pretty equally matched antagonists. Sometimes one wavered, and then the other.

Meanwhile Basil Forest waited for a reply. Would it be yes or no? He fancied it would be yes. He had but few compunctions regarding the part he was taking in the matter. It was none of the world's business; even if it was, he cared nothing for what the world would say. He cared a great deal more for himself than for other people's opinions.

Should she, or should she not? Over and over she asked herself the question. The daylight faded out into darkness, and the moon came up the sky—pure, white and radiant. And still she sat there thinking, thinking!

The baby in the cradle stirred and woke.

He lifted his chubby hands, and the little voice piped: "Mamma, mamma!"

"God help me! I will be true to my honor and to duty!" she cried, catching her baby to her breast and raining kisses on its face and yellow hair.

She heard her husband's step upon the stair. She got up, white and dizzy, with her baby in her arms, and met him at the door.

"Save me!" she cried, "and love me a little!"

And then she sank down at his feet and unconsciousness came to her.

When she drifted back to sensibility he was holding her in his arms, and she felt his kisses on her face and heard him calling her name in low and loving accents. She could not be mistaken; he loved her, after all, and a newer, fuller sense of rest came to her than she had ever felt before. Lying on his bosom, with his arms about her, she told him all, keeping nothing back. Her face burned with shame and she loathed herself as she made her confession.

"And you thought I did not love you?" he said, softly. "I do love you, darling! Sometimes the fear has haunted me that you did not care for me as you might if I were younger. Perhaps that made me seem cold and reserved. Don't doubt my love, dear. It is deep and strong and lasting. From to-night we will begin a new life, and if love can make you happy, you need not ask for it in vain."

The other night I heard Alice sing:

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

I knew some memory of the past came to her by the look which came into her face, but it faded out like a fluttering shadow in the sunshine of her quiet, happy life.

To her it is something pleasant to be "an old man's darling."—New York Evening World.

The Door.

One knocked at the Beloved's door.
"Who is there?" The loud reply
To the Voice within was, "I."
"Go thy ways and come no more.
This house holds not Me and Thee;
Who himself loves, loves not Me."
Closed was the Beloved's door.

Back to the Beloved's door
After twelve months prayer and fast,
In the desert lone and vast,
The lover came and knocked once more.
"Who is there?" the answer now
Was no longer "I," but "Thou."
Opened was the Heavenly Door.
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

Our Mill-ionaires.

This country has all kinds of millionaires: In Minneapolis, flour millionaires; in Pittsburg, rolling-mill-ionaires; in Michigan, saw-mill-ionaires; in Louisiana, cane-mill-ionaires; in South Carolina, rice-mill-ionaires; in Maine and Wisconsin, wood-pulp-millionaires; among railroad companies, stock-water-mill-ionaires; in Wayback-ville, grist-mill-ionaires; in Boston, hard-glove-mill-ionaires, and in every state and town, gin-mill ionaires by the score.

LIKE A HUMAN SNAKE.

TALK WITH A CIRCUS "BONELESS MAN."

Not So Much the Ability to Bend the Back as to Stretch the Muscles—The Peculiarities of Twelve Years' Experience—It Is Hard Work.

"Does it hurt to do a contortion act? Well, sometimes it hurts more than at others, but it's not the pleasantest profession in the world to follow up at best."

The speaker had kindly volunteered to give a New York Sun reporter the benefit of his twelve years' experience as a "human snake." As he settled himself into his chair he looked quite like an ordinary mortal, and one could hardly realize that the neat tweed suit covered a body that could be twisted into all sorts of shapes.

"Yes, I suppose I was built just like other people at first, and until I was 11 years old I didn't try any experiments with my joints. It was about that time that a circus came to town, and of course I took it in with the rest of the boys. It struck me that the 'snake man's' act was what I should like to do. So I took to walking down the sides of houses with my hands, while one of the boys held my feet down to the ground to prevent them sliding away from under me. I guess every boy has tried that act. Well, I found after a while that I could pretty nearly touch my head to the ground, and was happy. I wasn't satisfied though, and kept at it for three or four years, until I could tie myself up in good shape. Then it occurred to me to get into the profession. I finally gave it up for years, but the fascination was too much, and when I got to be of age I went at it again, and there I have remained.

"Oh, yes, my general health is first-class. Almost every doctor I ever talked with, however, said they didn't see how it could be, and that I would rupture something or other one of these days and be out of it. What I have to guard against most is catching cold. When I have a cold it always settles in my back and the muscles across my abdomen and across the front of the thighs. I suppose it's because I have to keep my muscles so soft. You see, if I should take any exercise that would harden me up I'd be no good for the business. It isn't so much the ability to bend your back as it is to stretch the muscles from the neck to the toes. Bend your finger back as far as you can, and you'll find that the stretching of the skin hurts more than the bending of the joints. That's the way it feels when I've caught a little cold.

"You've noticed that smile, I suppose, which we give you people after doing the act of straightening up after a close bend? Well, if the people only knew what that smile costs us sometimes, they would give us even a better hand than they do. It's like being pulled apart by horses.

"Now, look at the first photograph. That's what we call a 'close bend.' The muscles across my abdomen must stretch at least three inches before I can get into that position. The doctors say that my digestive organs are crowded way up into my chest cavity, and once they put a machine on my wrist that made little wavy lines on a tape. After I came up from a bend they looked at it and said that my heart didn't beat when in that shape. Maybe it don't. I know, though, that I can't breathe.

"There's another trick that makes you work. You stand on your chin and throat and bend four different ways at once. It always makes the house shout, but I wish I could cut it out of my act. I generally feel as if I had been run through a thresher after it is over.

"But the last figure always takes. Looks as if I was in a frame, don't it? A great many persons would think that I enjoyed it, but I don't. I'm expecting something to let go every second."

"There is a peculiar sensation I have once in a while that I can't account for. It's when I do the bend, as represented in the first picture. When I let go of my legs and try to come up I seem to be paralyzed. I've no power to lift myself. I feel like a string thrown over the back of a chair. There I hang for a minute until all of a sudden I feel my strength come back and I get up. The people think it's in the act to hang that way, but it always scares me.

"I couldn't lift 100 pounds to save my life without having my back cave in, so that shuts me out so far as laboring work goes."

The Fathers of the Republic.

No fallacy is more firmly fixed in the public mind than that which represents the establishment of our government as the work of old men, says the Century. The delusion is imbibed in childhood and is unconsciously cultivated by the text books used in school. The "fathers of the republic" are depicted in all the histories with wigs, queues and other accessories of dress that apparently betoken age, and the pupil naturally concludes that they must have been old when the nation was born. In point of fact they were an uncommonly young set of men. George Washington, senior in age as well as in authority and influence, was but forty-three when the revolution broke out and fifty-seven when he became first President; Thomas Jefferson only thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence; Alexander Hamilton but thirty-two when he became Secretary of the Treasury; James Madison only twenty-three when he was made member of the Virginia Committee of Safety and thirty-six when he was Hamilton's great collaborator in the production of that political classic the Federalist.

SEALSKIN TROUSERS.

They are Worn by Esquimau Women—Belts Made of Wolverine Claws.

Under the outer pantaloons of the Esquimau women wear a second pair of thicker deer-skin, skinside out, with stocking feet. When the spring comes and the snow gets sloppy on the surface, they discard the outer pantaloons and put on water-proof boots like the men's, but held up by a draw-string just below the knee.

Later in the season, when there is a good deal of wet weather, and they are knocking around in boats, they wear pantaloons made wholly of water-proof black sealskin. All these pantaloons, like the men's breeches, are rather short in the waist, and are held up by a girdle just above the hips. Like a sailor's trousers they need a good deal of hitching up.

The frock is always confined round the waist by a girdle. The men, however, often have handsome belts about an inch and a half wide, woven of the shafts of feathers. By using black and white feathers a very neat pattern is produced. The fashionable ladies' belt is made by sewing together bits of fur from the feet of the wolverine, each with a single claw attached.

Fastened to the belt behind, every man and boy wears a bushy tail of some animal. A wolverine's tail is the "correct thing," but those who cannot afford this wear the tail of the wolf or the esquimau dog. This fashion gave rise to the story, told by the old Russian voyagers, of men *with tails* on the American coast.

It is also very fashionable to wear the skin of an ermine dangling from the frock between the shoulders, or an eagle's feather in the same place or on the back of the hood. These are amulets, and are supposed to bring good luck, like the dried birds' heads, bears' claws, and other such things which the men wear dangling from the belt.

As to Women's Names.

Some women were talking the other night, says the New York World, about the influence of names, and they claimed that when you named a child, especially a girl child, you simply made it for life; that a blonde baby christened "Julia" would turn dark and grow tall and dignified looking and couldn't help it; that Florence was as certain to be blonde and have an inclination to play dreamy music as Charlotte was to be an energetic housekeeper; that Fanny couldn't help being frivolous and flirty, and that Katherine, with all her pretty diminutives, always made people fall in love with her, especially men; that Maud and Cora would go to the "domnition how-wows" without any volition on their part and that Ida and Blanche were pretty certain to get there in time. That Mabel was apt to be a little frigid and Margaret had a weakness for being a blonde, both in appearance and temper. That Emily had a good strong will of her own and was apt to have gray eyes and that Evelyn—well, there seemed to be a general feeling that Evelyn was inclined to be a bit of a liar. Everybody's mother seemed to be named Mary and every woman at some time or another seemed to have a friend, who was very loyal, named either Frances, Edith or Helen. That Gladys was a pretty name for a girl as long as she was just a girl, but that it lacked dignity when she became a woman. That Louise had thin lips, was apt to be very decided in her views, and that Josephine was wheedling. All the diminutives of Mary were approved of and Dorothy was given a high place of honor as being aristocratic. Something was said about Barbara, and one woman without much sense said she thought it was like a knife that cut, but another, with a great deal of sense, said a knife was as apt to defend you as to cut you. This is what three woman said about women's names.

The Editor Shows His Dignity.

There is no ice factory in this town, says a Georgia paper, and we know several men who won't strike one hereafter.

Major Jones laid a fine cabbage on our table this morning, is another item. All we need now is a pound of meat to season it.

This paper is only $1.00 year, but some men think we ought to throw in a free obituary and a hope of a hereafter for good measure.

We received a free pass from the Central Road this morning. The man who refused us credit for a pair of shoes yesterday should make a note of this. We can now do without them.

It Didn't Go!

"Skuse me," murmured the drunk and disorderly one as the officer dragged him to the station. "Me imprisonment will not be allowed by popular shentiment." "Think not?" "Factsh. Me name is Joy, and the saying goes 'Let Joy be unconfined.' Does it go?" It did not.

ANCIENT GOLDSMITHS.

Specimens of Their Work Found in Grecian Tombs.

Near Sparta, in Greece, there has been known for many years a tumulus, believed by the common people to be the tomb of Menelaus. It has remained intact until recently, when a scientific tomb-breaker opened it under the auspices of the Archæological Society of Athens. It proved to be of great importance, throwing a strong light on Achaian art, and was evidently the burial place of a royal personage.

Jewelers are chiefly interested in the works of art found in this tomb, now first opened since it was closed 1000 years B. C., or nearly 2900 years ago. From an Athenian correspondent it is learned that the articles found comprise fifty "island stones," some of which are of the most exquisite workmanship and design, the perforations being bushed with gold, but not mounted; several rings of gold and bronze, of which one is similar to those in the Schliemann find, with an intaglio of Eastern design, and another that has an engraved stone set in it; some vases of silver, mounted in gold, of which the silver has almost disappeared by corrosion; implements of bronzes of the usual forms, and one of a unique form; swords and knives, some of known forms and some unique; an immense collection of amethyst beads and several rings, which must have belonged to women; objects of ivory and a lance of a peculiar form mounted with bone, and which is of the highest archæological interest, a short sword of the same kind as those found in the Schliemann graves, incrusted with gold, and two golden cups of the same workmanship as the best of those in the Schliemann collection, but ornamented in a style of which nothing of prehistoric work hitherto seen gives an adequate conception.

The known art of Greece at an epoch subsequent to the Homeric age, to which this tomb belongs, is of the most conventional character. But these cups are ornamented in the most exquisite manner in repousse, with companion designs, one of a wild cattle hunt and the other of domesticated cattle. In the former the designs spirited to a degree unapproached by anything else in Greek art. The cattle are charging and tossing the hunters, and one bull has run into a net of ropes.

In the other the cattle are grouped with excellent pictorial effect, and a man is tying one of them by the foot. They are as peaceful as the others are furious. There is nothing Phœnician or Assyrian in the design, and the men, in costume and in type, are clearly Greek, while the animals are of a treatment so naturalistic that if they were put into a modern exhibition it would be considered an absurdity to call them antique, much less prehistoric.

These cups are the flower of a school of art of which we know nothing, and which had utterly disappeared from Greece before the advent of the school which came to perfection in the time of Phidias and Praxteles. The delineation of the human figure is greatly inferior to that of the animals, the latter being such as would do honor to any modern school, while the men are insignificant, and but for their realism, hardly in keeping with their herds. On looking over the collection of gems found with the cups, one sees enough in common to satisfy him that they belong to the same school of art.

A Horrible Suspicion.

People who go to apothecaries to have their diseases prescribed for occasionally get very strange diagnoses. In one case a man, wearing a long countenance, is said to have entered an apothecary's shop and remarked:

"I seem to have something queer in my stomach, and I want you to give me something for it."

"What are your symptoms?" the apothecary asked.

"Every little while something seems to rise up, and then it settles back again, and by and by it rises up again."

The apothecary put his chin in the palm of his hand and meditated awhile.

"Look here!" he said gravely, "you haven't gone and swallowed an elevator, have you?"—Youth's Companion.

The Color Line.

Condemned prisoner (down south)—See here, what does this mean? I am told that two niggers are to be hung at the same time as I am.

Sheriff—Yes, on the same gallows, at the same moment.

Prisoner—Now, see here; I don't want to die alongside of a couple of niggers. Can't you hang me separately?

Sheriff—Well, the best I could do would be to swing you off quietly the day before, and then give it out that you'd committed suicide.

Prisoner—The day before! Hum? Come to reflect, I think its about time this race prejudice was obliterated in the south. I'll hang at the same time as my colored brothers.—New York Weekly.

Everything Must Harmonize.

Mrs. Cumso—Why did you discharge all of your white servants and employ negroes, Mrs. Fangle?

Mrs. Fangle—My husband's sister died last week and I'm in mourning now.—Munsey's Weekly.

CLEANINGS FROM RUSKIN.

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure; and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.

The poor we must have with us always and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of life; but we may make their poverty such as shall inherit the earth; and the sorrow such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the Comforter, with everlasting comfort.

You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor." And you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by an accent on a sylable, by a glance of the eye; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself because the deception was by gesture or silence, instead of utterance; for, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half the truth is ever the worst of lies."

People sometimes speak, in this working age, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think (as far as such can be said to think) that the meat is more than life, and the raiment than the body; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that it is to give them wood to hew, and water to draw, that the fine forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity.

We seem to think sometimes that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly descern, and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn when the affections has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to intrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not feel how ignoble and unreasonable this is. Do you not feel that marriage, when it is pure marriage at all, is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

A Fair Show.

Under a late law made in Egypt the man who marries need not keep his own name, but take that of the woman, if he so desires. It is said that this law was rendered necessary by so many American and English Smiths taking up their residence in that country. The girls wanted to marry, but they didn't want the name.

Volapuk's Life Threatened.

The language called Volapuk, which has been so carefully cultivated by many students in various countries, is threatened with extinction. The trouble has arisen from the action of its originators in altering its forms so that it may be used as the universal literary, as well as the universal commercial, tongue of the world. These changes the Volapuk academy refused to accept, and the alterations are thus causing a serious split in Volapuk circles, each side ignoring the writings and proceedings of the other.

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The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address,
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Late Commissioner of Pensions,
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

INSTRUCTIVE READING MATTER FOR THE YOUNG OF BOTH SEXES.

The Wicked Practice of Hazing—Moving Mountains—His Curiosity Aroused—Pithy Points, Etc.

When I was but a little child,
And lands far off beyond the sea,
Since learned with weary heart and feet,
Were all a Wonderland to me,
God loved me so! that even now,
Gray-haired and mournful, I can turn
Back to those sinless happy days,
And feel my heart with rapture burn.

God loved me so! I heard his voice
At midnight in my silent room,
And felt the shining of his face
Make unseen glory through the gloom.
Nor did I fear with childlike trust,
To make Him of my life a part;
To tell Him all my joys and griefs,
The hopes and dreams that filled my heart.

Alas! 'tis fifty years ago—
Years full of vivid, eager life,
Of love and sorrow, joy and pain,
Of worrying care and anxious strife.
But still, through every loss and gain,
Through suffering and through passion wild,
This thought ran like a thread of gold—
He loved me when I was a child!

And his love changes not—though I
Set other loves His love above,
My God was faithful still; for He
Loves with an everlasting love.
And so, through years of grief and doubt,
This memory calm and undefiled
Brightens all other memories—
He loved me when I was a child!
—Christian Union.

Hazing.

In speaking of the cowardly practice of hazing, the president of De Pauw University, Indiana, says:

"Put in plain English, the sentiment which prevails in many colleges is this: To tell a lie is wrong on the street, but right in college. To cheat is wrong in the market, but right in college. To use personal violence is wrong in a saloon, but right in a college. To boycott is wrong in Ireland, wrong even in business circles of the United States, but right in a college. To destroy property is wrong in a cow-boy, but right in a college student. To take a bellowing calf up a man's stairway, through his attic, and leave it upon his roof, half frightened to death, and half frightening to death the immediate neighbors, is wrong in a town boy, but right, even manly and honorable, in a college boy. To violate the golden rule is wrong in a heathen, but right in a Christian, provided the Christian happens to have his name on the college roll. The golden rule, so beautifully exemplified by the Divine Teacher, is binding upon the conscience of the pirate of the high seas; of the liquor seller, as the young man appears at the bar for his first drink; of the Indian with his tomahawk uplifted; of the gambler in his den of infamy—but forsooth this same golden rule was not made to measure the conscience of a Christian who was matriculated in a Christian college.

"Again, to restrain a man of his liberty without cause, and to add personal violence to this restraint, is wrong, even among savages; but to tie a young man to his bed post, to shave his head, to hang him until he chokes, to put him in a perspiration and then give him a shower bath of ice-water, to put him into his bed that has been saturated with water, and after all to seal his lips with the threat of worse personal violence, or even death—this is only a huge joke. Such contemptible and criminal proceedings, it seems, is right or wrong according to the way we spell the word describing it. If we spell it as they do in the street, m-u-r-d-e-r, it is wrong; but it is all right and a great joke if we spell it as they do in some colleges, h-a-z-e."

Washington's Mother.

In the little old house in Charles street, Fredericksburg, Virginia, Washington's mother, who was in her day a famous cook and housewife, was at times fond of giving a "small dance and dinner party."

There, "on the waxed floor of the front room lighted by numerous candles," the belles and beaux of other days "did dance right merrily." In a diary now worn and yellow with age, one bright-eyed belle tells:

"My petticoat was of flowered Peach satin, with long-waisted Coat of White. A lace Kerchief was gathered round my shoulders, and my Arms were bare to the Elbow. A string of Milk-white Pearls did tie around my throat. My hair I had high, and pleasing Powdered. And Silver Buckles were upon my Shoes."

Old Mr. L——, one of the neighbors, happening to drop in one morning while Mrs. Washington was busy in her dairy, was requested to come there if he cared to speak with her. He entered, found Mrs. Washington with skirts turned up and sleeves rolled, busy with the fresh made butter which she was moulding in a wooden tray. "For you know, Mr. L——," she said briskly, "my tongue and my hands may be employed at the same time without loss."—Youth's Companion.

Curiosity Aroused.

"Goin' fur, mister?"

The question was asked by a long-nosed, thin-lipped man with chin whiskers, a slouch hat, and a hungry expression of countenance. He was resting his elbows on the seat in front of him, which seat was occupied by a passenger in a gray checked suit.

The passenger addressed turned partly around, took a look at his questioner, and sized him up at once.

"Yes, I am going to Nashville," he replied, "down in Tennessee. My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of eighty acres, ten miles from the city, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment on North Cherry street. I am from Boardstown, Cass Co., Ill. I got on the train there at 9:15 this morning. It was forty-five minutes behind time. My ticket cost me $11.65. I shall take the sleeper when the sun goes down. I had my dinner about an hour ago. Paid 75 cents for it. This cigar cost me ten cents. I have been a smoker for about thirteen years. My name is Chauncey McConnell. I am 39 years old, have a wife and four children, came originally from Harrodsburg, Ky., and am a member of the Congregational church. I was formerly a druggist, but sold out to a man named Treadway, and I am not in any business now. I am worth perhaps $10,000. My father was a cooper, and my grandfather was a sea captain. My wife's name was Carr before I married her. Her father was a surveyor. That's all I know about her family. We live in a two-story frame house and the children have all had the mumps, chicken-pox and measles. When I reach Nashville I expect to stop at some hotel."

He stopped. The long-nosed man regarded him a moment with interest, and then asked, in a querulous, dissatisfied way:

"What did yer great grandfather do for a livin'?"—Chicago Tribune.

Moving Mountains.

A most curious event is said to have happened in the year 1571 in Herefordshire, England. On the 17th of February, which was Saturday, at six o'clock in the evening, the earth began to open and a hill with a rock under it, making at first a loud bellowing noise, which was heard several miles off, lifted itself up to a great height and began to travel, bearing along with it the trees growing on it, sheepfolds, sheep and cattle that happened to be grazing on the hill at the time. It left a gap in the ground about fifty yards broad and one hundred long. The size of the hill was about twenty acres at the base. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew tree planted in the church-yard from the west side to the east side, and with the same force it thrust before its highways, sheepfolds, hedges and trees. Tilled ground was made pasture, and pasture was turned into tilled grounds. The hill continued to move by fits and starts from the Saturday evening until noon on Monday, when it stopped, having in that time moved a distance of over a mile. A like circumstance is reported to have occurred in Dorsetshire in 1588. A field of over three acres in extent at Blackmore moved bodily a distance of some 500 yards. The trees and fences upon it were but little disturbed, but it knocked down a church and sundry dwellings on another field; crossing the highroad to Herne, blocking it up, and there it stayed. These curious earth-convulsions are alluded to by many writers of the period, and gave rise to no end of litigation respecting property rights. In the royal archives is an exact account of three events which are described under the heading "Prodigies of Nature."

Going to the World's Fair.

A pleasant little story comes from Indiana of a small, rosy-cheeked girl who, picking up her doll and her doll's trunk, trudged a mile or more over frosty roads until she reached a railroad station. There she boarded the first train for Chicago, and contentedly settled herself and her doll in a vacant seat. By-and-by the conductor came along and looked down at the little woman, who was pointing out flying trees and other points of interest to her companion, the doll. "Where are you going, little one?" asked the big man with buttons. The round blue eyes were turned upward in astonishment, and the reply came unhesitatingly, "Why, I'm going to the World's Fair, of course!" The conductor coughed. "Aren't you rather early?" he asked. "I don't believe the doors are open yet." "Dear me," said the child, in alarm, "what shall I do?" "Perhaps you had better go home and ask your mother," suggested the conductor. And she did. She was loaded with pretty things by interested fellow-passengers, and returned to her mother in safety. We may reasonably expect that she will be among the first visitors when the World's Fair does open its doors to the world.—Golden Days.

Buttons Out of Potatoes.

Great quantities of buttons are now made from potatoes. It is not generally known that if the substance of the common Irish potato be treated with certain acids it becomes almost as hard as stone, and can be used for many purposes for which horn, ivory and bone are employed. This quality of the potato adapts it to button-making, and a very good grade of button is now made from the well-known tuber.

The potato button cannot be distinguished from others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since they are colored to suit the goods on which they are to be used, and every whit as good-looking as a button of bone or ivory. Their cheapness is a great recommendation, and will no doubt lead to a much larger employment in the future.—Sunny South.

A Tired Little Girl.

Little Bessie had been offended in some way. She went off into a corner of the room and turned her back on the company.

"I'm mad!" she exclaimed, sulkily. "I wish I didn't have any papa or mamma."

"That's wrong, dear," said her mother. "We are the best friends you have."

"Well," said Bessie, still sulking, "I don't mind havin' papa. He isn't here much. But I'm gettin' awful tired of the rest of 'you."—Chicago Tribune.

HUGGED THE DENTIST.

SOME ODD EXPERIENCE BY ONE WHO PULLS TEETH.

Gas Which Acted as an Irish Anesthetic—Thought He Had Struck a Donnybrook Fair—Tooth Pulling on the Decline.

"The tooth pulling business is on the wane," remarked a dentist to a reporter of the Detroit Journal. "A few years ago we could extract quite a revenue out of work, but now a man who relied on pulling teeth for a subsistence would starve in short order unless he traveled with a circus tent and a brass band.

"Then there's the false tooth industry. Some people imagine that it's on the increase and that nearly every woman over 30 goes to bed at night with her molars on the dressing table. Now, as a matter of fact, false teeth are worn very little more than they used to be. You don't see as many people with bad teeth, but that is because they take care of them. They begin to see that bad teeth means bad health, and they are correspondingly anxious to keep theirs in good shape.

"Women pay much more attention to their teeth than men. "But men, too, are beginning to give the dentists more work, and in our offices the lord of creation often makes a very humiliating display of his weakness. This is painfully accentuated when contrasted with the behavior of women in similar circumstances.

"The dentist's chair is a good place for studying the characters of men, and their behavior often affords us considerable amusement. Some men come in with a swagger and an air of braggadocio. They are not afraid. This matter of filling teeth has been greatly exaggerated, they say. It's a mere nothing to a man of nerve. Well, that kind of a man usually goes all to pieces the moment the forceps touch him. His loudly boasted courage dies out at the first scrape and he squirms and groans like a boy.

"The quietest men are generally the bravest. They understand that a certain amount of pain must be endured, and when it comes they take it without any ado. Most men, in their conceit, make a woman's fainting proclivities a subject for their jokes. But in the dentist's chair the joke is on the other sex.

"It is natural that a woman should be a more courageous subject than a man. She bears all sorts of pain with more fortitude than a man. She merely appears less courageous because she shrinks from any sort of encounter, but when it comes to quiet suffering men can only stand and wonder at her.

"A man is naturally combative, and when he has to sit down and take punishment without striking back he is apt to lay himself open to some very truthful criticism from his sisters. This fighting propensity is more highly developed in some men than in others. It very often crops out when a subject is under the influence of an anaesthetic. I remember one case which was extremely interesting for me. A little red whiskered Irishman came in one afternoon and wanted his tooth pulled.

"D'yese pull tote wid or widout gas?" he asked.

"I told him if he thought he could not bear the shock I should give him an anaesthetic.

"'Will, thin, do yese be goin' ahead an' givin' me gas. But no monkey business wid me, d'ye understand, because if you fool wid me, Ol'll wake up, sure, and Ol'll catch yese at it.'

"I put him to rest, but had just got my arm around his neck, when he woke up in earnest, and the way he flew about that room was enough to make you think there were six or seven Irishmen in the neighborhood. He imagined himself in the midst of a Cork-town scrimmage.

"'Come an, me bucko,' he yelled, 'I'll show yez if ye dare take hault of an Eighth ward b'hye wid yez dhirty arm round me neck. Come an' yo divil.'

"But I didn't 'come an.' I found I had business elsewhere and left the Irishman to come to his senses as best he might.

"I will tell you another case which may perhaps be taken as illustrating how a subject's proclivities will crop out while unconscious. An elderly female, who evidently had never been married, walked in on us one day. She was tall and angular, and her face was one that might on a pinch have been used to raise the city hall. She was dressed in a costume of many and incongruous colors and her general makeup made her a fit subject for a freak in a dime museum. She insisted on taking ether to have a tooth pulled. When the ether began to take effect she commenced to struggle. She kicked and screamed and it kept two of us employed to hold her in the chair. Then she began to cry for somebody by the name of Robert.

"'O, Robert, dear, come and help me!' she cried. In her struggles one of her arms fell on my shoulder and in a moment she drew it about my neck and pulled my head down to her. Then she threw her arms about me and cried joyfully 'Ah, Robert, at last I have you. They can't hurt me now.'

"This might have been very nice for Robert, but as the office was a rather public place for that kind of a demonstration, the situation was rather embarrassing. My assistant thought it was awfully funny and instead of trying to help me out of my predicament, he stood and laughed at me. I stood the hugging for a few moments and then the effect of the ether began to leave her. With returning consciousness her maiden modesty came back, and when she found me in her arms, she gave a scream, broke from the chair and ran out of the office.

"I have never seen her since, but that woman probably thinks that her youth was taken advantage of. She will probably never tell 'Robert' how bold she was."

POOR JOAN DONE FOR.

The Heroine of France Joins the Other Idols of Romance.

And now they say that, instead of being a heroine, Joan of Arc belongs to that peculiar class known at the present time as cranks; that the voices she heard in the woods of Domremy were the hallucinations of a disordered intellect. Her visit to Governor Boudricourt so annoyed him that he passed her on to the court of the dauphin for the mere purpose of getting rid of her, where in turn the dauphin dressed her up in armor for the amusement of the court. The iconoclasts even go so far as to assert that the consecrated sword which was found, per Joan's direction, buried in the Church of St. Catharine at Fierbois, and which was presented to her by the dauphin, had been planted there by hands of ordinary flesh and blood. They further assert that she did not lead the army to the relief of Orleans, but merely went along like a vivandiere. They scoff at the story that the soldiers who tied this abused lady to a stake in the market place at Rouen were struck dead.

So the indications are that the great French heroine will have to get down off of her pedestal and follow William Tell, Quintius Curtius, et al. Mediæval history is rapidly losing its brightest stars through the irreverent investigations of the modern quidnunc. It now looks like it was a mere matter of time until American history is attacked in the same way, and these individuals will be prepared to prove that Patrick Henry never made a speech, that no cherries grew at the Washington homestead, and that the John Smith-Pocahontas story was due to the fertile imagination of some special correspondent.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Face of a Cripple.

As I was coming down town the other evening in a car a hunchback entered. A friend who sat with me asked me if I had observed that the faces of all hunchbacks and cripples were deformed as well as their bodies. "I mean," he said, "that their faces are pinched and drawn, and that if you saw the face only, as though an opening in the wall, you would know at once, if you had been an observant man, that it was the face of a cripple. A physician would know it, at any rate." I told him that I had observed the fact and asked him why it was. He replied: "Many think that it is simply because cripples do not take enough exercise, being unable to do so. I do not think that is the reason. Other persons who do not take exercise have white faces, but the lips are not so thin and close, and there is not that drawn look in all the features. Don't you see that it is a look of suffering? It may not be of bodily suffering, but I believe that their countenances are that way because of the mental anguish they endure all through life. You know the effect of an extreme sorrow on the face of a healthy man in one week or a month. How much difference it must make when that sorrow is never absent from him. There are rare instances where the pinched look is almost overcome by cheerfulness," my friend went on. "It can never get entirely away. One of the most cheerful cripples I ever knew was the mayor of a Pennsylvania city for three years. He mixed with men and took an interest in affairs, and although he is a hunchback, he seems really to enjoy life. He goes shooting with the boys, and there are few better men in that vicinity with a gun. He has color in his face and brightness in his eyes; yet I am satisfied that if, for the first time, you saw his face only you would say it was the face of a cripple."—New York Star.

Gould's Son George.

Mr. Jay Gould thinks that sons of wealthy men would feel more secure if they learned some trade while in college. He says: "I have learned that in the case of my own family; my son George is an expert telegrapher, and when he has traveled with me to the west we generally live in our car and switch it off at a siding. My son will then put on his boots, his steel clamps or prongs, and go up the telegraph pole, attach the wire to his instrument in the car, and then he sends for me all my telegraphic messages. It does him no disparagement, and makes him feel that he could get his living at all times."

The Oldest Bank.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, and is older than any of the institutions of the class in any of the other great nations. It was not the first of the financial houses, however. The Bank of Venice was created in 1101, that of Genoa in 1407, that of Hamburg in 1619, and that of Rotterdam in 1635. In 1803 the Bank of France was established.

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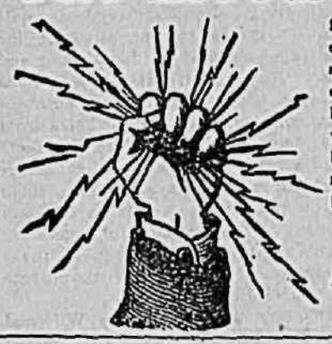
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THE TERTIUM QUID.

Once upon a time there was a Man and his Wife and a Tertium Quid.

All three were unwise, but the Wife was the unwisest. The Man should have looked after his Wife, who should have avoided the Tertium Quid, who again should have married a wife of his own, after clean and open flirtations, to which nobody can possibly object, 'round Jakko or Observatory hill. When you see a young man with his pony in a white lather and his hat on the back of his head, flying downhill at fifteen miles an hour to meet a girl who will be properly surprised to meet him, you naturally approve of that young man, and wish him staff appointments and take an interest in his welfare, and as the proper time time comes give them sugar tongs or side-saddles, according to your means and generosity.

The Tertium Quid flew down-hill on horseback, but it was to meet the man's wife; and when he flew up-hill it was for the same end. The man was in the plains earning money for his wife to spend on dresses and 400-rupee bracelets and inexpensive luxuries of that kind. He worked very hard and sent her a letter or post-card daily. She also wrote to him daily and said that she was longing for him to come up to Simla. The Tertium Quid used to lean over her shoulders and laugh as she wrote the notes. Then the two would ride to the post-office together.

Now, Simla is a strange place, and its customs are peculiar; nor is any man who has not spent at least ten seasons there qualified to pass judgment on circumstantial evidence, which is the most untrustworthy in the courts. For these reasons, and for others which need not appear, I decline to state positively whether there was anything irretrievably wrong in the relations between the Man's Wife and the Tertium Quid. If there was, and hereon you must form your own opinion, it was the Man's Wife's fault. She was kittenish in her manners, wearing generally an air of soft and fluffy innocence. But she was deadlily learned and evil-instructed, and, now and again, when the mask dropped, men saw this, shuddered and--almost drew back. Men are occasionally particular, and the least particular men are always the most exacting.

Simla is eccentric in its fashion of treating friendships. Certain attachments which have set and crystalized through half a dozen seasons acquire almost a sanctity of the marriage bond, are revered as such. Again, certain attachments equally old, and, to all appearances, equally venerable, never seem to win any recognized official status, while a chance-sprung acquaintance, not two months old, steps into the place which by right belongs to the senior. There is no law reducible to print which regulates these affairs.

Some people have a gift which secures them infinite toleration and others have not. The Man's Wife had not. If she looked over the garden wall, for instance, women taxed her with stealing their husbands. She complained pathetically that she was not allowed to choose her own friends. When she put up her big white muff to her lips and gazed over it and under her eyebrows at you as she said this thing, you felt that she had been infamously misjudged, and that all the other women's instincts were all wrong, which was absurd. She was not allowed to own the Tertium Quid in peace, and was so strangely constructed that she would not have enjoyed peace had she been so permitted. She preferred some semblance of intrigue to cloak even her most commonplace actions.

After two months of riding, first 'round Jakko, then Elysium, then Sumner hill, then Observatory hill, then under Jutogh, and lastly up and down the cart road as far as the Tara Deva gap in the dusk, she said to the Tertium Quid: "Frank, people say we are too much together, and people are so horrid."

The Tertium Quid pulled his mustache and replied that horrid people were unworthy the consideration of nice people.

"But they have done more than talk—they have written—written to my hubby—I'm sure of it," said the Man's Wife, and she pulled a letter from her husband out of her saddle-pocket and gave it to the Tertium Quid.

It was an honest letter, written by an honest man, then stewing in the plains on 200 rupees a month (for he allowed his wife 850), and in a silk tunian and cotton trousers. It is said that perhaps she had not thought of the unwisdom of allowing her name to be coupled with the Tertium Quid's; that she was too much of a child to understand that sort of thing; that he, her husband, was the last man in the world to interfere jealously with her little amusements and interests, but that it would be better were she to drop the Tertium Quid quietly and for her husband's sake. The letter was sweetened with many pretty little pet names, and it amused the Tertium Quid considerably. He and she laughed over it so that you, fifty yards away, could see their shoulders shaking while the horses slouched along side by side.

Their conversation was not worth reporting. The upshot of it was that next day no one saw the Man's Wife and Tertium Quid together. They had both gone down to the cemetery, which, as a rule, is only visited officially by the inhabitants of Simla.

A Simla funeral, with the clergyman riding, the mourners riding, and the coffin creaking as it swings between the bearers, is one of the most depressing things on this earth, particularly when the procession passes under the wet, dank dip beneath the Rockcliffe hotel, where the sun is shut out, and all the hill streams are wailing and weeping together as they go down the valleys.

Occasionally folk tend the graves, but we in India shift and are transferred so often that at the end of the second year the dead have no friends, only acquaintances who are far too busy amusing themselves up the hill to attend to old partners. The idea of using a cemetery as a rendezvous is distinctly a feminine one. A man would have said simply: "Let people talk. We'll go down the mall." A woman is made differently, especially if she be such a woman as the Man's Wife. She and the Tertium Quid enjoyed each other's society among the graves of men and women that they had known and danced with aforetime.

They used to take a big horse-blanket and sit on the grass a little to the left of the lower end, where there is a dip in the ground, and where the occupied graves die out and the ready-made ones are not ready. Any self-respecting Indian cemetery keeps half a dozen graves permanently open for contingencies and incidental wear and tear. In the hills these are more usually baby's size, because children who come up weakened and sick from the plains often succumb to the effects of the rains in the hills, or get pneumonia from their ayahs taking them through damp pine woods after the sun has set. In cantonments of course the man's size is more in request, these arrangements varying with the climate and population.

One day when the Man's Wife and the Tertium Quid had just arrived in the cemetery they saw some coolies breaking ground. They had marked out a full-size grave, and the Tertium Quid asked them whether any sahib was sick. They said that they did not know, but it was an order that they should dig a sahib's grave.

"Work away," said the Tertium Quid, and let's see how it's done."

The coolies worked away, and the Man's Wife and the Tertium Quid watched and talked for a couple of hours while the grave was being deepened. Then a coolie, taking the earth in baskets as it was thrown up, jumped over the grave.

"That's queer," said the Tertium Quid. "Where's my ulster?"

"What's queer?" said the Man's Wife.

"I have got a chill down my back—just as if a goose had walked over my grave."

"Why do you look at the horror then?" said the Man's Wife. "Let us go."

The Tertium Quid stood at the head of the grave, and stared without answering for a space. Then he said, dropping a pebble down: "It is nasty—and cold; horribly cold. I don't think I shall come to the cemetery any more. I don't think grave-digging is cheerful."

The two talked and agreed that the cemetery was depressing. They also arranged for a ride next day out from the cemetery through the Mashobra tunnel up to Fagoo and back, because all the world was going to a garden party at Viceregal lodge, and all the people of Mashobra would go too.

Coming up the cemetery road the Tertium Quid's horse tried to bolt uphill, being tired with standing so long, and managed to strain a back-sinew.

"I shall have to take the mare tomorrow," said the Tertium Quid, 'and she will stand nothing heavier than a snaffle."

"They made their arrangements to meet in the cemetery, after allowing all the Mashobra people time to pass into Simla. That night it rained heavily and next day, when the Tertium Quid came to the trysting-place, he saw that the new grave had a foot of water in it, the ground being a tough and sour clay.

"Jove! That looks beastly," said the Tertium Quid. "Fancy being boarded up and dropped into that well!"

They then started off to Fagoo, the mare playing with the snaffle and picking her way as though she were shod with satin, and the sun shining divinely. The road below Mashobra to Fagoo is officially styled the Himalayan-Thibet road, but in spite of its name it is not much more than six feet wide in most places, and the drop into the valley below may be anything between 1,000 and 2,00 feet.

"Now we're going to Thibet," said the Man's Wife merrily as the horses drew near to Fagoo. She was riding on the cliff side.

"Into Thibet," said the Tertium Quid, "ever so far from people who say horrid things and hubbys who write stupid letters. With you—to the end of the world!"

A coolie, carrying a log of wood, came 'round a corner, and the mare went wide to avoid him—fore feet in and haunches out, as a sensible mare should go.

"To the world's end," said the Man's Wife, and looked unspeakable things over her near shoulder at the Tertium Quid.

He was smiling, but while she looked the smile froze stiff, as it were, on his face, and changed to a nervous grin—the sort of grin men wear when they are not quite easy in their saddles. The mare seemed to be sinking by the stern, and her nostrils cracked while she was trying to realize what was happening. The rain of the previous night had rotted the drop side of the Himalayan-Thibet road, and it was giving way under her. "What are you doing?" said the Man's Wife. The Tertium Quid gave no answer. He grinned nervously, and set his spurs into the mare, who rapped with her fore feet on the road, and the struggle began. The Man's Wife screamed: "Oh, Frank, get off!"

But the Tertium Quid was glued to the saddle—his face blue and white—and he looked into the Man's Wife's eyes. Then the Man's Wife clutched at the mare's head and caught her by the nose instead of the bridle. The brute threw up her head and went down with a scream, the Tertium Quid upon her, and the nervous grin still set on his face.

The Man's Wife heard the tinkle-tinkle of little stones and loose earth falling of the roadway and the sliding roar of the man and horse going down. Then everything was quiet and she called on Frank to leave his mare and walk up. But Frank did not answer. He was underneath the mare, 900 feet below, spoiling a patch of Indian corn.

As the revelers came back from Viceregal lodge, in the mists of the evening, they met a temporarily insane woman on a temporarily mad horse, swinging around the corners with her eyes and mouth open and her head like the head of a Medusa. She was stopped by a man, at the risk of his life, and taken out the saddle a limp heap and put on the bank to explain herself. This wasted twenty minutes and then she was sent home in a lady's rickshaw, still with her mouth open and her hands picking at her riding gloves.

She was in bed for the following three days, which were rainy, so she missed attending the funeral of the Tertium Quid, who was lowered into eighteen inches of water instead of the twelve to which he had first objected.—Rudyard Kipling.

Dueling in France.

When swords are selected a kind of master of the lists is named, says the London Spectator, whose order to stop must be instantly obeyed under penalty of dishonor, and he gives his order the moment blood flows, though it be from the merest scratch; while, as duelists, being mortal, may lose their tempers, the seconds stand ready at his word to strike up their principals' weapons. All kinds of dangerous blows are prohibited as unfair, and too much display of ferocity decidedly and permanently lowers a duelist's reputation for the possession of a good heart and a fine manner. It would be considered monstrous to allow duelists to get at one another with rifles, as they do in Western America, in the best way they could; and the old duel across a handkerchief is pronounced deliberate murder, to which no second who respects himself will ever voluntarily accede. Indeed, we believe a principal might now refuse that challenge as an obsolete barbarism. The combat is reduced, in fact, to a display of skill in fencing with weapons instead of foils, in which, it is true, one party may get hurt by misadventure, but in which it is not intended that he should be more than scratched. The chance of making a widow, which M. Jules Simons so feelingly and so properly laments, is, in truth, reduced to the infinitely little. You do not after a duel encounter your adversary's widow, but himself; and if he is a man of the world you are not punished even by a scowl.—Exchange.

The "Busted" Man.

Let others sing of the heroes,
The honored and cherished van;
But I sing of another
Less fortunate brother,
The neglected and busted man.
All join in singing the praises
Of the great, the good and trusted,
But seldom is heard
One sympathetic word
For the man entirely busted.
'Tis said the world is charitable,
That mankind is always just,
Though few there be
Who are able to see
That the noble sometimes bust.
Just let the wheel of fortune
Make the Croesus poor again,
And friends will shy
And pass him by
As they do other busted men,

Too Much Iron.

Doctor—Did you get that mixture of wine and iron that I ordered?

Deacon Waters—Yes; it was first-rate. Never enjoyed a bottle of medicine better in my life. Drank it up without takin' breath. But, doctor, there was too much iron in it.

"Humph! So I should imagin'."

"Yes, the iron all went to my feet and made 'em so heavy I could hardly walk."—New York Weekly.

His Compliment.

Miss DePretty—"I don't see how you whistle through your fingers that way. I could never do it in the world." Mr. Goodheart (wishing to compliment her delicate little hands): "No, Miss DePretty; if you should try it your whole hand would slip into your mouth."

THE PLAGUE OF LIES.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS ONE OF THE EVILS OF THE TIMES.

Whether Known as Fiction, Fabrication, Subterfuge, Disguise, Romance, Evasion, Pretence, Fable, Falsehood or Misrepresentation, White Lies or Black Lies, Untruth is Always Despicable and to be Avoided.

NEW YORK, March 22, 1891.—"The Plague of Lies" was selected by Dr. Talmage for the subject of the fifth of his discourses on "The Plagues of These Three Cities," which he preached today. His text was Genesis 3. 4: "Ye shall not surely die."

That was a point blank lie. Satan told it to Eve to induce her to put her semi-circle of white, beautiful teeth into a forbidden apricot, or plum, or peach, or apple. He practically said to her, "Oh, Eve! Just take a bite of this and you will be omnipotent and omniscient. You shall be as gods." Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have ever alighted on this planet. It introduced a plague that covers all nations, the Plague of Lies. Far worse than the plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this is on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the East River, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all rivers. The Egyptian plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for six thousand years has raged this Plague of Lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies," but there is no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic evil. There are men, high in church and state, actually useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects, and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from the cradle to the grave. Prevarications, misrepresentation, and dishonesty of speech, appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and were a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarletina. But many have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has, day by day, and hour by hour, been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment, and from class to class, until they have become regularly graduated liars.

The air of the city is filled with falsehoods. They hang pendant from the chandeliers of our finest residences; they crowd the shelves of some of our merchant princes; they fill the sidewalk from curbstone to brown stone facing. They cluster around the mechanic's hammer, and blossom from the end of the merchant's yard stick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." You might say that they were subterfuge, disguise, delusion, romance, evasion, pretence, fable, deception, misrepresentation; but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding of a God-defying outrage under a lexicographer's blanket, I shall chiefly call them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical and social lies.

First, then, I will speak of those that are more particularly agricultural. There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain is never counterfeit. The sunrise never flaunts in false colors. The dew sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers as a class, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing, and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of men to our markets. Day by day there creak through our streets, and about the market houses, farm wagons that have not an honest spoke in their wheels, or a truthful rivet from tongue to tail board. During the last few years there have been times when domestic economy has foundered on the farmer's firkin. Neither high taxes, nor the high price of dry goods, nor the exorbitancy of labor, could excuse much that the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. By the quiet firesides in Westchester and Orange counties, I hope there may be seasons of deep reflection and hearty repentance. Rural districts are accustomed to rail at great cities as given up to fraud and every form of unrighteousness; but our cities do not absorb all the abominations. Our citizens have learned the importance of not always trusting to the size and style of apples in the top of a farmer's barrel as an indication of what may be found farther down. Many of our people are accustomed to watch and see how correctly a bushel of beets is measured; and there are not many honest milk cans.

Deceptions do not all cluster around city halls. When our cities sit down and weep over their sins, all the surrounding countries ought to come in and weep with them. There is often hostility on the part of the producers against traders, as though the man who raises the corn was necessarily more honorable than the grain dealer, who pours it into his mammoth bin. There ought to be no such hostility. Yet producers often think it no wrong to snatch away from this trader; and they say to the bargain-maker, "You get your money easy." Do they get it easy? Let those who in the quiet field and barn get their living exchange places with those who stand today amid the excitements of commercial life and see if they find it so very easy. While the farmer goes to sleep with the assurance that his corn and barley will be growing all the night, moment by moment adding to his revenues, the merchant tries to go to sleep, conscious that that moment his cargo may be broken on the rocks, or damaged by the wave that sweeps clear across the hurricane deck; or that reckless speculators, that very hour, be plotting some monetary revolution, or the burglars be prying open his safe, or his debtor fleeing the town or his landlord raising the rent, or the fires kindling on the block that contains all his estates. Easy! Is it? God help the merchants! It is hard to have the palms of the hands blistered with out-door work; but a more dreadful process when, through mercantile anxieties, the brain is consumed!

In the next place we notice mercantile lies, those before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the different forms of commercial falsehood. There are merchants who excuse themselves for deviation from truthfulness because of what they call commercial custom. In other words, the multiplication and universality of a sin turns it into a virtue. There have been large fortunes gathered where there was not one drop of unrequited toil in the wine; not one spark of bad temper flashing from the bronze bracket; not one drop of needle-woman's heart-blood in the crimson plush; while there are other great establishments in which there is not one door-knob, not one brick, not one trinket, not one thread of lace, but has upon it the mark of dishonor. What wonder if, some day, a hand of toil that had been wrung, and worn out, and blistered until the skin came off, should be placed against the elegant wall-paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb; or that, some day, walking the halls, there should be a voice accosting the occupant, saying, "Six cents for making a shirt;" and, flying the room, another voice should say, "Twelve cents for an army blanket;" and the man should try to sleep at night, but ever and anon be aroused, until getting up on one elbow, he should shriek out, "Who's there?"

A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then it is right to say it. But did that cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have falsified. You say that that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have falsified. Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article for which five dollars is charged, is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it be worth more, and for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you wilfully depreciate it, you have falsified. You may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity—"Mr. So and So, merchant on Water street, or in Eighth street, or in State street; or Mrs. So and So, keeping house on Beacon street, or on Madison avenue, or Rittenhouse square, or Brooklyn heights or Brooklyn hill, told one falsehood."

In the next place, I notice mechanical lies. There is no class of men who administer more to the welfare of the city than artisans. To their hand we must look for the building that shelters us, for the garments that clothe us, and for the car that carries us. They wield a wide-spread influence. There is much derision of what is called "Muscular Christianity;" but in the latter day of the world's prosperity, I think that the Christian will be muscular. We have a right to expect of those stalwart men of toil the highest possible integrity. Many of them answer all our expectations, and stand at the front of religious and philanthropic enterprises. But this class, like the others that I have named, has in it those who lack in the element of veracity. They cannot all be trusted. In times when the demand for labor is great, it is impossible to meet the demands of the public, or do the work with that promptness and perfection that would at other times be possible. But there are mechanics whose word cannot be trusted at any time. No man has a right to promise more work than he can do. There are mechanics who say they will come on Monday, but they do not come until Wednesday. You put work in their hands that they tell you shall be completed in ten days, but it is thirty. There have been houses built of which it might be said that every nail driven, every foot of plastering put on, every yard of pipe laid, every shingle hammered, every brick mortared, could tell of falsehood connected therewith. There are men attempting to do ten or fifteen pieces of work who have not the time or strength to do more than five or six pieces; but by promises never fulfilled keep all the undertakings within their own grasp. This is what they call "nursing" the job.

I next notice ecclesatical lies; that is, falsehoods told for the purpose of advancing churches and sects, or for the purpose of depleting them. There is no use in asking many a Calvinist what an Arminian believes, for he will be apt to tell you that the Arminian believes that a man can convert himself; or to ask the Arminian what the Calvinist believes, for he will tell you that the Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. There is no need of asking a pædo-Baptist what a Baptist believes, for he will be apt to say that the Baptist believes immersion to be positively necessary to salvation. It is almost impossible for one denomination of Christians, without prejudice or misrepresentation, to state the sentiment of an opposing sect. If a man hates Presbyterians, and you ask him what Presbyterians believe, he will tell you that they believe there are infants in hell a span long!

To many, through insincerity, this life is a masquerade ball. As, at such entertainments, gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits, or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises, so, in this dissipated life, all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall, or drop from the ceiling—a cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands stretched out clasp gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash and rustle, and laughter, and immeasurable merry-making! But the languor of death comes over the limbs, and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower! Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty—a shroud! Lights lower! Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the tired ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. Lights out!

Dr. Waldstein, the American archæologist at Athens, referring to the reports of the discovery of the grave of Aristotle, says that further verification is necessary before a positive announcement can be made.

A Brutal Parent.

"No, Augustus, wrote a kind and indulgent parent to his son at college," I cannot grant your request. I have already cashed your drafts for the breech-loading shot-gun, the Indian clubs, the $300 racing shell, the dumb-bells, the bicycle, the sailing yacht, boxing gloves, sand-bags, fencing foils, and the silver-mounted revolver. But I cannot pay for the gambling implements which you suggest. I draw the line at faro chips."

The New Occupation.

"That man's face is familiar to me," said the wife of the railroad president, referring to an employe of the road who had just passed out of the office.

"Yes, my dear, that is Ham Hasket, once a celebrated actor, but now in our employ."

"What use have you for the actor?"

"Why, they make the best track-walkers in the country.

The Hunting Season.

Mrs. Nimrod—How much are these partridges?

Game Dealer—Forty cents a pair, Madame.

Well, I'll take them. My husband has gone out hunting over in New Jersey, and if he calls in here on his way back, tell him I have bought one pair of partridges already.

Man's greatest enemy is the wine-glass! woman's, the looking glass. But the greatest friend of both is that world-renowned philanthropist, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The ultra fad in suspenders is the portrait of one's best girl, embroidered in silk on the webbing near the heart of the wearer. Of course, one's best girl should do the embroidering with her own sweet, white hands.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as "love's young dream." Now about this there is some diversity of opinion. Some giving preference to a good article of taffy, but there are few things any sweeter than ease after a racking pain, and this is only gotten by using Salvation Oil.

Among the swells it is considered unpardonable to insert the scarf pin in the center of the necktie. The latest mode is to insert it diagonally from the left side. It is permissible, however, to insert it diagonally from right to left.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

At no time since its introduction has the patent-leather shoe been so popular as at present.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

I read what Mr. Bell said about making $20 per month. I also sent to the Standard Silver Ware Co., Essex St., Boston, Mass., and received a fine case of samples. I took orders the first day that paid me $12 profit; made $50 the first week; at the end of one month I had $125 clear profit. Any one can get circulars and agency by writing the above firm. I hope others may profit by my experience. Yours Truly, W. F. WILLIAMS.

The white pique vest of a season ago, while not wholly under the ban, is not affected by exquisites.

GRATIFYING TO ALL.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

With link sleeve buttons, which are all the rage, the fashionable thing to wear is a link button in solid silver, or in silver ornamented with gold. Stone or diamond settings are not worn except by those who are not conversant with the contemporaneous requirements of fashion.

Fine Playing Cards.

Send ten (10) cents in stamps or coin to John Sebastian, Gen'l Tkt. and Pass. Ag't CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY., Chicago, Ill., for a pack of the latest, smoothest, slickest, playing cards that ever gladdened the eyes and rippled along the fingers of the devotee to High-Five, Seven-Up, Casino, Dutch, Euchre, Whist or any other ancient or modern game, and get your money's worth five times over.

A new fancy for spring and summer is cotton half-hose with woolen soles. It is an imported idea.

Garfield Tea is Guaranteed. If not satisfactory return package and get money back. Cures sick headache.

The general trend of the spring fashions goes to demonstrate that Americans are rapidly setting up idols of their own, instead of worshiping at the shrine of English ideas. It is claimed by not a few leading authorities that the Americans are the best dressed men in the world.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—*Rev. U. M. P. Hampton, Pikton, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

No decree of fashion, apparently, can displace the four-in-hand scarf. It is more popular than ever, and varies so little this season from the style of last year that the difference is not perceptible. Fashionable men the world over now tie their cravats. Made-up scarfs are for the masses; men of taste eschew them.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The day of the big walking stick is past. The most coveted effects just at present are natural sticks of medium size, with modest silver trimmings. Gold-mounted canes are used chiefly by elderly men or members of the sedate professions. The latest fad for spring is a stick with a natural root, ornamented with a spiral silver band.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The puff scarf is still popular, but is smaller than that worn last season. One of the new colors is stone blue.

Enough as Good as a Feast.

Young Choteau (from St. Louis)—Do you think these shirts will wear well, do you?

Enthusiastic Clerk—Yes, sir, they will wear for months and months.

Choteau—Then I will take just one.

In Paris.

Mr. Packer—I guess I'll buy this picture, Maria.

Maria—But, papa, the picture is low in tone and color.

Mr. Packer—What's the difference? I ain't buying a music box.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy. ®

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
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"OUT OF SIGHT"

Is the expression of all who have used the

J. I. CASE T. M. CO.'S

Ironsides Agitators,
Horse Powers,
Swinging Stackers,
Tread Powers and Saw Frames,
SAW MILLS
—AND—
ENGINES,

Because they are so far ahead of all others in good work and durability,

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CATALOGUE FREE.

$100.00 PRIZE ONION

THE universal favor accorded TILLINGHAST'S FIRST SOUND Cabbage SEEDS leads me to offer a P. S. GROWN Onion, *the finest Yellow Globe in existence*. To introduce it and show its capabilities I will pay $100 for the best yield obtained from 1 ounce of seed which I will mail for $3 cts. Catalogue free. Isaac F. Tillinghast, La Plume, Pa.



THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM. Weaves 10 yds. an hour. Send for circulars. C. N. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.



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"Down With High Prices."
THIS SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10!
Top Buggies, $15.50 Harness $7.50
Road Carts.....18.00 Wagons, 30.00
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1000 other Articles at Half Price.
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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.

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I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M. D., DECATUR, Ill.
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MAGIC CURE FOR MEN ONLY.

$500 for a case of LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General or NERVOUS DEBILITY, weakness of body or mind, the effects of errors or excesses in old or young that we cannot cure. We guarantee every case or refund every dollar. Five days trial treatment $1, full course $5. Perceptible benefits realized in three days. By mail, securely packed from observation. OOOK REMEDY CO., OMAHA, NEB.

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MAGIC FEMALE REGULATOR, Safe and Certain to a day or money refunded. By mail $2. Securely sealed from observation. OOOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

MANHOOD RESTORED

A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq. Box 3200, N. Y. City

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

SHEEP BEST ADAPTED TO AMERICAN FARMS.

The American Merino Seems to Have the Best General Qualities—Salting Bacon—Broom Corn—Grapevines as ornaments—Household Hints.

The American Merino.

After all, the American merino, the oft despised native yields probably as much if not more profit than the imported. It is this sheep that supplies the market with mutton and wool, and which has been the reliable one for the sheep-raisers. Crosses with this sheep and good imported blood have resulted well, and where money has been made in sheep raising outside of the American merino, it has been chiefly with half-breeds, reared from native ewes. The American merino is adapted to this country, but as a rule the foreign sheep are not, and unless they are crossed with the natives, they do not obtain the qualities essential to their success here. If we can furnish them with the same kind of food and usage that they received at home, the foreign breeds will do as well here, but as a rule we do not, and failures have been the result.

Looking over the past dozen years of sheep raising in this country, farmers might well ask themselves which sheep have stood the test the best, and which has proved the most profitable, even through panics and misfortunes. Surely it is the American merino that supplies the market with mutton and wool, and produces good market lambs. Food, climate and other environments make mutton and wool more than breed.—American Rural.

How to Salt Bacon.

A correspondent writes, asking what proportion of salt to use in the proper cure of bacon. American Agriculturist says: For hogs weighing not over 125 or 130 pounds each, one bushel of fine salt, two pounds of brown sugar and one pound of saltpeter will suffice for each 800 pounds of pork before the meat is cut out; but if the meat is large and thick, or weighs from 150 to 200 pounds per carcass, from a gallon to a peck more of salt and a little more of both the other articles should be taken. Neither the sugar nor the saltpeter is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the meat, and they are often omitted. But both are preservatives; the sugar improves the flavor of the bacon, and the saltpeter gives it greater firmness and a finer color if used sparingly. Bacon should not be so sweet as to suggest the "sugar-cure;" and saltpeter, used too freely, hardens the tissues of the meat, and renders it less palatable. The quantity of salt mentioned is enough for the first salting. A little more new salt is added at the second salting, and used together with the old salt that has not been absorbed. If sugar and saltpeter are used first apply about a teaspoonful of pulverized saltpeter on the flesh side of the hams and shoulders and then taking a little sugar in the hand apply it lightly to the flesh surface of all the pieces. A tablespoonful is enough for any one piece.

Broom Corn Culture.

In nearly every part of the United States broom corn can be grown successfully, and at a profit. It is, however, a business that requires more watching the market than any other connected with farming, for the prices fluctuate from fifty to several hundred dollars per ton. The grower should be able to hold his crop over until higher prices are ruling. Where it is grown as a business it is made to yield good profits, but only on good soil and with great labor.

Broom corn requires more warmth than Indian corn, and succeeds best on sandy soil when it is warmed by the sun. The land should be prepared in the fall or spring, and only such seed used as will sink when floated in water. The standard variety is the Evergreen, and when good seeds of this are obtained from reliable seedsmen a good crop may be anticipated. The dwarf varieties are only used for whisks and clothes brushes, and the demand is not so great for them. The planting and cultivation do not have as much effect on this crop as its harvesting and after-preparation. The seeds are planted in two ways: on very light, clean, rich land, in drills three feet apart; but on other land in hills three and two feet apart, with six to eight stalks in the hill. The seeds then need a light covering, and cultivation similar to Indian corn.

Weed Seeds in Manure Heaps.

The slight fermentation which most stable manure gets before drawing to the fields does not destroy weed seeds. Some kinds of seeds are naturally slow to germinate, and sprout all the better for being warmed up in a manure pile. Even where the fermentation is most active there are cool places on the edges of the heaps where the vitality of weed seeds is not burned out. The only safe way to keep weed seeds out of the manure pile is to keep them out of the feed. As corn fodder is more depended on for winter feeding, the weed seeds will gradually disappear.

Irrigating Fruit Farms.

In the localities where fruit growers always depend on irrigation, fruit failures are generally unknown. This suggests whether water liberally applied may not be the most profitable investment for orchards. A few barrels of water applied to the soil around each tree, to the distance of twelve or fifteen feet on each side, will be especially valuable at two seasons. One is now, in Winter, wherever Winter begun with little rainfall. The other is during the bearing season, when it is needed to insure perfection of fruit and the formation of fruit buds for the ensuing year.

Home Supply of Horse Radish.

Considering how easily and cheaply it is grown, no farmer is excusable if he does not provide a bountiful home-grown supply of horse radish. A few roots, the trimmings from that sold in market, planted in any rich, deep soil, to the depth of ten or twelve inches, are enough to start with. In a year's time these tiny roots will be swelled into a large, succulent root, extending to the surface of the ground, while beneath, and occasionally at the sides, will be some small sprangiers that should be carefully saved for replanting. Too large a bed to dig entirely over in one season is not advisible, as after the first year's growth the roots become woody and stringy. But the well-grown horse radish always commands a paying price in market, either as roots or grated and put up in bottles, for which a ready sale can generally be depended upon.

Grape Vines as Ornaments.

A few tastily painted trellises in the dooryard, covered in their season with foliage and lucious fruit hanging down from their latticed roofs, are no mean ornaments, and vie with plants or vines having no other use than to look at. Growing the vine so as to cover a trellis, or, if the location admits, training two vines, one on each side, takes only a few years. It is true that as good fruit may be grown on vines trained to stakes or wires, but it is hardly as satisfactory to a man who wishes to realize the biblical idea of entire safety, that of sitting under one's own vine, with no one to molest. In no other way, too, can young people be attracted to farm life, which is commonly made as repulsive as possible by hard work, and little regard for what makes life pleasant.

Sowing Clover Seed Too Early.

More clover seed is wasted by delaying sowing too long than by seeding early. It must sink into the soil by melting snows or rains washing over it a little of the loose dust pulverized on the surface of all bare fields by winter freezing and thawing. Still the seed may sometimes be sown too early. We have known clover seed sown in February, and come out all right, while in a milder winter it might germinate and be destroyed by late frosts. When the clover plant has only its second leaf it has very little root, and this has only slight foothold in the soil. Destroy this leaf and the life of the plant is quickly ended. Therefore clover seeding should be late enough to insure freedom from frost after the seed germinates.—Rural Home.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

A change of food is always sensible at short intervals. Give the cow bran mush or a mess of oatmeal slop twice a week. It will help the digestion and the appetite.

No one should cast injurious reflections upon the fancy dairymen. We owe much to them, their successes are examples for us, and their mistakes or failures are valuable lessons by which we may guide our practices.

Stables should be put in order for winter use early. A good coat of hot whitewash or fresh lime, with a few ounces of hard soap dissolved in a pail full of it, will cleanse and sweeten the stable and render it healthful for the cows.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use a clam shell to scrape pots and frying-pans with.

To restore ham to its original freshness, slice and soak over night in milk, either sweet or sour.

When wiping up the floor before putting the carpet down, sprinkle it all over with salt while damp; this will greatly prevent moths.

In purchasing canned goods it is a safe rule to observe whether the head of the can is concave, a bulging appearance being indicative of decomposition.

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt and water, and bind it on the throat tightly, when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

Lard is sometimes adulterated with alum, starch and lime water. When pure, it is completely soluble in benzine, has no burnt taste or odor, and melts without sputtering to a clear fluid.

The best way to preserve old boots is never to use blacking of any sort, but have the boots brushed, or if very muddy wiped with a damp cloth or sponge, then carefully gone over with a little dubbing.

For stiff neck, sore throat, pains in the chest, a good remedy is to rub some oil or vaseline into the skin, then cover with a piece of cotton wadding, the shiny side outward, and wear till the discomfort is gone.

For a felon, take common rock-salt, such as is used for salting down pork, dry it in an oven, then pound it fine and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put it on a linen rag and wrap around the felon. As it dries put on more, and if followed up the felon will be dead in twenty-four hours.

Fidelity.

Alert? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew;
Even as herself, O, friend!
I will of you!

—EMILY DICKINSON.

Curtailing Expenses.

Wife—I am a going to economize in our household expenses, Charlie.

Charlie (kissing her fondly)—What a dear little wifey you are.

Wife (continuing)—Yes, I've discharged the servant girl and hired a Chinaman.

Husband—But where does the economy come in?

Wife—Why, the kisses you were obliged to pay her for you can get from me for nothing.

More Mending to Do.

Convert (who has but recently espoused the faith and has just "busted" his suspenders)—Dang the dinged luck!

Minister (who happens to overhear the remark)—Tut, tut, man, you mustn't swear—I thought you had mended your ways.

Convert (confusedly)—So I have, parson, so I have; and now I've got to mend these dinged suspenders.

Not a Hard Hint to Take.

Mr. Faintheart—Are you fond of champagne, Miss Rosa?

Miss Rosa—Moderately so, but what I most admire about a bottle of champagne is the cork.

Mr. F.—Indeed! and for what reason, pray?

Miss R.—Oh, merely because it pops so delightfully.

Probably Not.

Minister (to chronic toper, who is leaning up against a fence)—Uncle John, where do you suppose you will go when you die, if you continue to get drunk like this?

Uncle John (thickly)—If I can't go any better'n I can now, I shan't go (hic) anywhere.

Bondage.

"What, going home now? It's only five o'clock."

"We have dinner at six sharp, you know."

"You must be terribly afraid of your wife."

"Wife's all right. It's my cook."

Not In It.

She—Who do you think is the prettiest girl in the room?

He—Oh, I don't know. That little brunette over on the sofa, I guess.

And then the stupid fellow wondered all the rest of the evening why her manner toward him suddenly grew so cold.

What He Needed.

Miss Hill—I saw you got a favorable notice in the dramatic column of the Daily Forum this morning.

Mr. Barrett—Yes; I sent a bottle of liver medicine to the dramatic critic when my manager sent him tickets for the performance.

His First Dinner in a Hotel.

Waitress (loudly)—Rosebeefsausagecoleporkhamaneggspotatoeslettus——.

Uncle Silas—Er—r—I thought this wus the dinin' room. Ain't it?

It Did the Business.

Well-dressed stranger—Madam, in the upper left hand pocket of a vest that you gave to a miserable tramp a few months ago, there was a cigar belonging to your husband. I have—

Lady of the house—Why, is this the same man? What a great change!

"Yes, a rich uncle died suddenly and left me all his wealth. As I was about to say, I have to thank your husband."

"Why, what for?"

"For the cigar. I gave it to my uncle."

A Valuable Service.

Patron—Here are ten dollars which I wish to present to messenger boy No. 999.

Agent—I am glad to hear that one of our boys has been of so much service. When was it?

Patron—Yesterday. I sent him to the exchange with an order on my broker to buy 10,000 shares X. Y. Z. stock, but before night the whole bottom dropped out of X. Y. Z. I rushed around to my broker and was delighted to learn that the boy hadn't got there yet.

Royal Jocularity.

Lord Salisbury—"Have you ever calculated, your highness, the number of umbrellas you have used since you ascended the throne?"

Queen Victoria—"I suppose no more than other folks."

Lord Salisbury—"I was thinking you did. You know we have had fifty years of continual reign."

And Lord Tee-Hedum and the marquis of Barenacres burst out in a loud wha-haw.

Painfully Alarmed.

DeBing—I am painfully alarmed for fear that my mother-in-law is losing her reputation for veracity.

DeBangs—Why so?

DeBings—Why, she threatens every morning to leave my house, but she never goes.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Let no man wear a Derby to whom a silk hat is becoming, except at business. That is the general law laid down by the arbiters. The silk hat for spring is almost straight in the crown, with a narrow brim rather sharply curled.

St. Jacobs Oil

CURES
BRUISES,
FROST-BITES,
INFLAMMATIONS
—AND ALL—
HURTS AND ILLS
OF MAN AND BEAST.

Swift's Specific. S. S. S.

To Smokers.

Mr. L. M. Geuella, of Vicksburg, Miss., says that his system was poisoned with nicotine from the excessive use of tobacco in smoking cigarettes. He could not sleep, his appetite was gone, and he was in a bad fix generally. He took S. S. S., which drove out the poison and made a new man out of him.

If cigarette smoking has impaired your health, Take S. S. S. become well again.

7 Bottles of S. S. S.

Cancer cured.

For thirty-five years I was afflicted with cancerous sores on my face which prominent physicians failed to cure. Seven bottles of S. S. S. cured me permanently. Am now sixty years old and in perfect health.
HIRAM SWEAT,
Orion, Ala.

S.S.S. has cured thousands of such cases after good physicians had failed.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases Mailed Free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"It may be true what some men say,
It maun be true what a' men say."
PUBLIC OPINION
endorses Sapolio.—
It is a solid cake of scouring soap...
COPYRIGHT



For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.



This Picture, Panel size, mailed for 4 cents.
J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans,"
255 & 257 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria.
BILE BEANS.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
PENNYROYAL * PILLS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HAWKEYE GRUB and STUMP MACHINE
Works on either standing timber or stumps. Will pull an ordinary Grub in 1½ minutes. Makes a clean sweep of Two Acres at a sitting. A man, a boy and a horse can operate it. No heavy chains or rods to handle. The crop on a few acres the first year will pay for the Machine. Send postal card for Illust'd Catalogue, giving price, terms and testimonials. JAMES MILNE & SON, Cole Hill'rs, Scotch Grove, Iowa.

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Begin right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use *a key*.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commends itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unequalled for Style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.
$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
$3.00 for Ladies, is the only hand-sewed shoe sold at this popular price.
$2.50 Douglas Shoe for Ladies, is a new departure and promises to become popular.
$2.00 Shoe for Ladies, and $1.75 for Misses still retain their excellence for style, etc.

All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. If advertised local agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing advertised price or a postal for order blanks. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WANTED:—Shoe dealer in every city and town, not occupied, to take exclusive agency. All agents advertised in local paper. Send for catalogue.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has more than *three times* the *strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE DEAF HEAR
WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, &c.
BY THE USE OF THE INVISIBLE SOUND DISC
which is guaranteed to help 9 out of 10 per cent. of cases than all similar devices combined. The cases in the 10 per cent. are pleased are to the eye. Positively invisible. Worn months without removal.
H. J. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

WALL PAPER
SAMPLES SENT FREE of spring patterns with borders and ceilings to match. One half million rolls offered at wholesale prices.
White blanks 4c to 6c, Gilts 8c to 25c. Embossed Gilts 10c to 50c.
I will send you the most popular colorings, and guarantee to save you money. ALFRED PEATS, Wall Paper Merchant, 147-149 W. Madison-st. Chicago

BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE. The secret of the Canary Breeders of the Harz Mountains. It restores the song of Cage Birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good condition. It makes Canaries sing even while moulting feathers. Sent by mail for 15 cents. Sold by all druggists grocers and bird dealers. Bird Book mailed free. Address, THE BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE
SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON PA.

YOU CAN MAKE $5 PER DAY
No Capital required. Circulars free.
DUNLAP PEN CO. BOSTON, MASS.



FAT FOLKS REDUCED
15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, 325 State street, Chicago, Ill.

DOCTORS PRESCRIPTIONS FREE To those whom our remedies fail to cure. We treat you FREE until you are well. Write for particulars. Correspondence in all languages. SUNBEAM FAMILY REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY We guarantee a good paying position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

CHEAP FARMS, Fine climate, free fuel, rich soil and best stock country. Nebraska Security Co., Harrison, Neb.

TACOMA $100 or $1000 carefully invested here will bring ANNUALLY from twenty to 100% Tract us. TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
THE TREVORITE, OF TREVOR.
$1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

—PUBLISHED BY—

J. J. BURKE,

From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois

GENERAL B. F. Butler is not altogether disinterested in predicting war. He owns the only bunting mill in the United States.

Now that bank reckers are actually being sent to prison, just like other thieves we may expect to hear of fewer dishonest bank failures.

THE Australian ballot seems to have become pretty well acclimated over here and with care and a little pruning and grafting it will soon be flourishing in all of the States.

So the dispute with England over the Behring Sea seal fisheries is to be arbitrated upon the terms laid down by Mr. Blaine. Hurrah for Uncle Sam. There may not be as much glory in arbitration as in war, but there's lots more satisfaction to the people, to say nothing of its being cheaper.

IT is becoming apparent that neither Mr. Blaine or any other member of the cabinet will allow their names to be used in the republican national convention in antagonism to that of Mr. Harrison, who can, unless some of the longest headed politicians are at fault, if he wishes it (and he undoubtedly does) again become the nominee of his party.

IT also pays to be notorious. Ex-Senator Ingalls recently received a good round sum from a New York paper for a signed article criticising our methods of building a navy and incidently giving the tail of the British lion a vicious twist, which had already some months ago been printed by another New York paper as a part of a long interview with Ingalls.

THE Brigadier General of the District of Columbia National Guard has run up against a Presidential veto; he issued an order disbanding the two colored battalions, because Congress did not appropriate money enough to pay the armory rents for all the organizations, and Mr. Harrison has countermanded the order, taking the ground that the general had no right to draw the color line in reducing the number of organizations.

POSTMASTER General Wanamaker is in need of the services of a shrewd detective. He is anxious to find the name and address of the female Government clerk, who rumor says has been boasting of having been a lobbyist during the recent session of Congress, and having been the principal instrument used by Jay Gould to "hang up" in the House committee on Postoffices Mr. Wanamaker's postal telegraph scheme. It will be remembered that the committee by a vote of six to five decided against reporting the bill to the House. If Mr. Wanamaker discovers this mysterious female there is certain to be one vacancy in the Government service.

THE presence of Senator Peffer and the Kansas Farmers Alliance Representatives in Washington has had a good effect. The alliance is no longer looked upon as an organization to be dreaded by everybody not farmers; these men have convinced the people that they do not wish to revolutionize things, except so far as it may be necessary to right certain wrongs under which they suffer. To put it in Senator Peffer's own words: "We are not dangerous in any direction; we do not wish to destroy, but to build up, to preserve, to foster, and especially to protect all men's rights." That certainly isn't the language of a dangerous man, but rather that of a man who is asking for himself and associates only the same rights that are enjoyed by others.

LORD Tennyson is said to receive $45 a word for his last poem. If the same poem had been sent to all of the editors in the country without a signiture it is doubtful whether one of them would have accepted and printed it. Verily it pays to be famous.

SOME envious people are trying to cripple the Crisp Speakership boom by charging that gentleman with being a prohibitionist. Let's see, wasn't the gentleman called Reed, who has filled so much space in the speaker's chair and in the newspapers for a year or two past a prohibitionist? Perhaps this charge may turn out to be a boomerang.

DAVID B. Hill, whatever his failings, seems to have a John L. Sullivan sort of confidence in his own ability as a political knocker out of all comers. Not satisfied with his engagement with Cleveland, the heavy weight, he has invited a contest with Jones, "he pays the freight," the iron jawed middle weight. And "Dave" is only a bantam weight.

Mrs. Frank Leslie appears to have profited by Henry Stanley's shrewd methods of advertising. She has announced her intention to leave, in her will, at least $600,000 for the establishment of an institute for women of artistic or literary proclivities. Owing to the fact that Mrs. Leslie is comparatively young and apparently healthy it would seem to the unprejudiced mind that she has postponed her benefaction much longer than is necessary. In the inelegant but "get there" language of the street, what's the matter with spending some of that money for the present generation, if it is intended to spend it at all.

VICK—MICHIGAN.

It has been decided that the $1000.00 prizes offered on vegetables by James Vick, seedsman, will be contested for at the fair to be held at Hillsdale, Michigan, Sept. 28-Oct. 2,1891. At the Illinois State Fair last year over 200,000 people witnessed this exhibit, which filled a tent 60 x 90 feet, and it was conceded on all sides to be the chief attraction. There were over 1000 entries, coming from every State and territory in the Union, besides several from the Canadian Provinces.

A Review of Trade Interests In Antioch Village.

In another part of the paper we have given an extended description of the Williams Bros new store, a building we may well feel proud of, but a description of the mercantile establishment of our thriving village would be far from complete were it confined entirely to this one store. Very few places of its size are as well represented in the mercantile line as is Antioch. In addition to the store above referred to we have others, all well established and all receiving their full share of patronage. Two of these stores carry a similar line of goods to that of the Williams Bros., store; the stock in each being as complete as any to be found outside of our largest cities. A well established and conveniently located drug store, stocked with all kinds of drugs and medicines stands ever ready to supply anything in that line, while two millinery stores carrying all that is dear to the feminine heart in "head gear" leave nothing to be desired in that direction. Located within our village are three blacksmith shops and two wagon shops all doing a first class business. Two practicing physicians attend to the physical wants of our people as far as pertains to their profession, while their spiritual wants are equally as well looked after. Two churches finely located, afford a place of worship for both great and small. The education of the children of our village is well provided for and the day is not far distant when we will have even better educational facilities. No better evidence of the prosperity of our village need be asked for than that residences both roomy and attractive are springing up in all portions of the town; new subdivisions are being opened up and in fact everything points toward a healthy and rapid growth for Antioch.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

P. K. Wright of Richmond, Ill. was in town Tuesday.

Frank Anderson of Salem was seen on our streets Friday.

Geo. Kroncke Esq. and wife are visiting Madison and Milwaukee this week.

Vincent Bros. lost two valuable work horses by some unknown disease last week.

Josie Kruckman attended teachers examination Friday and Saturday at Salem.

Mr. S. Houstan and family of Genoa Junction are occupying the Jules Arnold house.

A. H. Kruckman received a car load of Salt Thursday, and Vosk Bros. several car loads of grain.

Miss Delia Spoonholtz, sister of Mrs. John Sibley, died in Kenosha Monday the 16th, aged 14 years.

E. W. Coulman has rented Mrs. Wheelers fine residence on the north side and intends to move next week.

Mrs. Ed. DeLong and Mrs. Geo. Carpenter of Somers have been spending a few days with friends and relatives in this village.

The play given by the Good Templars came off as advertised Saturday evening, and was a big success financially and otherwise. It will be repeated Saturday evening, April 4th and hope they will be favored by a still larger audience. We can recommend the play to be a great hit.

GUESS WHO.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce that Robert Selter of Grass Lake, will be a candidate for the office of tax collector at the coming spring elections.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned will sell at public auction at his residence in the town of Grant, 1 mile west of Fox Lake post office,

MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1891,

at 10 o'clock a. m. the following property to-wit: 22 milch cows and springers, 8 two-year-old steers, 12 yearling steers, 4 two-year-old heifers, 1 span of four-year old horses, 1 four-year-old Norman horse 1 three-year-old mare, by Converse's trotting stallion, 1 gray mare 8 years old, 1 brood mare 10 years old, 1 gray horse 10 years old. 2 two-year-old colts, 1 yearling colt, 1 five-year-old ladies saddle horse with bridle and saddle, 125 choice sheep, 75 lambs, 20 shoats, 1 Champion binder, 1 Champion reaper, 1 Broadley mower, 1 Prairie City seeder, 1 horse rake 1 pulverizer 2 riding cultivators, 2 cutters, 1 sulky plow, 1 lumber wagon, 1 pair of trucks, 1 single buggy, 1 double buggy, 1 set single harness, 3 set double, 1 set driving harness, and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE:

All sums of $10 or under cash, on all sums over $10, 12 months time will be given on good endorsed notes with 6 per-cent interest. No property to be removed until settled for. 2 per-cent off for cash.

JAMES WELSH.

F. K. Granger, Auctioneer.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. $1,000 cash, balance on time.

Also fine building lots for $75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

ANTIOCH MILLINERY STOCK FOR SALE.

Requiring the room for other business, I offer for sale my stock of millinery goods. Call or address:

MRS. MATTIE F. EMMONS,
Antioch, Ill.

WILL HODGE,

Barber and Hair Dresser,

ANTIOCH, - ILL.

Shop open every day except Sunday.

L. B. HILLES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

61 TO 63 MAJOR BLOCK,
Madison and La Salle Streets, Chicago, Ills.
Practices in all Courts and familiar with Chicago Real-Estate.

GEO. W. BELL,

WAGON MAKING

AND REPAIRING.

I keep on hand a full line of Wagon and Machinery Repairs,
and am prepared to do all work in my line promptly and at lowest prices.
Shop over Peterson's Blacksmith Shop,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

JOB WORK

NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2155, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September, 6, 1890, that Netts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north, range 9 east 3d. P. M. Illinois, containing 23.71 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

BARGAINS IN VILLAGE PROPERTY.

We offer this week a new house and 3 lots, with well, cistern, barn etc., in this village, a bargain at $ 2,100. Also a warehouse at what it cost the owner; a bargain for some one. Don't buy village lots until you see what we have to offer.
CHINN & BURKE, Real-estate and Loans,
Antioch, Ills.

Many years practice have given C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of Patents, at Washington D. C., unsurpassed success in obtaining patents for all classes of invention. They make a specialty of rejected cases, and have secured allowance of many patents that had been previously rejected. Their advertisement in another column will be of interest to inventers, patentees, manufacturers and all who have to do with patents.

NOTICE!

Watches! Watches!!

All that are lovers of good and relinble time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.
T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

HOMES FOR ALL:- Village lots from $100, up, in a prosperous village on Wis. Central R. R. Address: R. Johonnott, Antioch, Ills.

MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,

Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of

WINTER MILLINERY.

Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, -:- ILLINOIS.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
—AND—
NEW PRICES.

Call and examine our fine line of

GROCERIES
—AND—
: PROVISIONS :

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

S. A. DIDAMA,
:-: NOTARY PUBLIC :-:
Will attend to all kinds of Notorial Business.
— Office at —
TREVOR, - - WISCONSIN.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

PENSIONS!
Claims of Soldiers' Widows and Dependent Parents.
GEO. P. SHATSWELL,
U. S. CLAIM AGENT.

Original and Increased Pensions Obtained, also Arrears, Re-Issue and Restoration Certificates, Back Pay and Bounty.

Office with S. H. KENNEDY, OVER BANK, WAUKEGAN, - ILL. Residence on Grand Ave.

JOHN H. HUGHES,
LAKE VILLA, :- ILLINOIS.
UNDERTAKING.
A full supply of Undertakers Goods, Constantly on hand.
A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION.
Furniture Repairing and Picture Framing a speciality.
Prices always reasonable.

A large and fine new stock of
CLOTHING
For Spring and Summer Trade
—JUST RECEIVED AND—
READY FOR INSPECTION.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN LADIES' SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF
WALL PAPER
EVER SHOWN IN THIS TOWN.
NEW GOODS IN EVERY LINE.
—:— DONT BUY DRY GOODS —:—
UNTIL YOU SEE HOW COMPLETE MY STOCK IS
—:— IN THIS LINE. —:—
GOOD SELECTIONS, STYLISH GOODS,
LOW PRICES.

C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

WE INVITE YOU ALL
TO
THE NEW STORE.

During the coming week we shall move from the old stand occupied by us for the last 20 years to the store adjoining which we have erected during the last year. We ask your kind indulgence for the many inconveniences experienced in conducting an extensive business and carrying on building operations at same time, which will be some increased by the confusion incident to the work of removal, but when finally located in our new quarters we hope to offer you such advantages and conveniences that you can be happy and contented forgetting all earthly cares and tribulations by coming to our new store, a veritable palace of trade.
The emporium of our vicinity erected for your pleasure and convenience.
We cordially invite you all to call and inspect our new store.

WILLIAMS BROS.,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

M. A. Howard,
—DEALER IN—
FURNITURE.
I KEEP ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF EVERY-THING USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE STORE,
AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.
BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,
CALL AND LEARN PRICES.
STORE IN ROGERS' BUILDING,
ANTIOCH, - - - - ILLINOIS.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
TO OFFER
BARGAINS
TO OUR CUSTOMERS.
15½ lbs. Granulated Sugar, $1,00.
MUSCATEL RAISINS 8 CENTS PER POUND.
BEST 3 PLY ROCKFORD CARPET WARP 23C PER LB.
1 lb STANDARD BAKING POWDER, 20 CENTS.
1 lb. GOOD LUCK SMOKING TOBACCO, FOR 14 CENTS.
STONE & CO.,
"LEADERS OF LOW PRICES"
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.